

N.^o 2



H. Gavin Sculp.

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament.

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DEMOCRITUS:

OR, THE *K*

Laughing Philosopher.

A

COLLECTION

OF

Merry STORIES, JESTS, EPIGRAMS, RIDDLES,
REPARTEES, EPITAPHS, &c. taken from a
Manuscript, found at HERCULANEUM, an
ancient ROMAN City, in the Year 1770.

Let us laugh to-day, that foul thief Death
Will at our door to-morrow knock,
He will get in, ding out our breath,
And in a box us closely lock.
Out of this box we never more shall rise
To view the sun which once had cheered our eyes.



B E R W I C K:

PRINTED FOR R. TAYLOR.

M D C C L X X I.





T H E
P R E F A C E.

ALL my numerous friends, the book-makers, have, in former times, heard me vehemently declaim against that wicked custom of writing prefaces. They will now be astonished, that I sit down to a work, upon which I endeavoured to persuade them never to employ their time and attention.

BUT I here beg that they would consider, that I am prefacing for my departed friend, of whom I shall speak by-and-by, and not for myself. They must allow me, upon this occasion, to use the words of a great man, concerning the pomp and rites of a funeral, who observed, *That it is a very honourable thing for a man to give himself a great deal of trouble with relation to the interment of another, at the same time to be little concerned about his own.* And in truth, if it be an inglorious thing, for a man to seek glory, even when he deserves it, who doth not see, amongst the immense number of prefaces with which writers have swelled their books, if you except a few of them, in which judgment and disce-

tion are displayed throughout, and which are either necessary, or useful, that all the rest, how flowery and magnificent soever they may be, are rather blame than praise-worthy? For after all, if in the first place you entertain your reader with the excellence of what you have given him, with the difficulties which you have found in your labours, with the powers which you must have possessed to surmount them; to beseech and flatter him in some places, to brave and defy him in others; sometimes to talk to him submissively, and at other times authoritatively, do you not intend, by so doing, either to wrest from him his approbation by force, or as a *Spaniard* said, pleasantly enough, *To beg it with tears in your eyes*; and also to discover to the publick, a weakness so much the greater, as, so far from ridding yourself of it, you have not been able to dissemble it? If our works are good, we may depend upon the honour of all ages, which have ever been reasonable in their decisions. The world sooner or later will do us justice, without our having the shame of soliciting it. If our works are bad, or perhaps imperfect, we should rather suppress than defend them, correct our faults than excuse them. Let us not expect that our eloquence will be as successful as was that of the famous Grecian general *Pericles*, who, when he was thrown upon the ground, into the dirt, persuaded his assistants, that he had not fallen, and compelled them to believe his words sooner than their own eyes. Besides, if it is a difficult thing for a man to know himself, how much more so is it, for him to speak of himself as he ought to do? In which particular, although we think as we ought, we ought not always to say what we think, where open and declared vanity

is insupportable, and excessive humility always suspected to be vanity concealed: where the road, which we must take between these two, is so strait, and so hard to keep, that I do not know by what reason, or to speak better, by what mistake, so many people embark, without necessity, upon a sea so full of rocks, and famous for so many shipwrecks.

BUT we have nothing to fear, of this kind, when we toil for a deeeased friend. It becomes us well to demand with warmth, glory, and praises, which do not look to ourselves; to excuse faults which we ourselves have not committed; to speak for him, who can no longer defend himself. Passion and strength have here a good grace; and though we should go a little beyond the truth, and of a great man make a very great man, those even who shall condemn our judgment, will esteem our affection, and wish to have, themselves, friends like us.

To leave this general discourse; I shall now speak of my late friend, Mr. *Price* of *Cardiganshire*, the writer of this book, no more than I think he deserves. He was a gentleman most friendly, humane, and generous; a most entertaining, facetious companion, of excellent good sense, and well acquainted with the learned and modern languages, which the history of his travels, when it comes to be published, will evidently testify.

I KNEW him well at *Naples*. About a week before he left this city, he was led by curiosity to venture himself among the ruins of *Herculaneum*, where the manuscript of the following book was either dropt by him out of his pocket, or stolen from him. It was brought to me by one of the *Miners* in that *subterranean city*, after Mr. *Price* was gone.

to *Rome*. About a month after his arrival there he died of a fever. To prevent the loss of so valuable a treasure to the public, I have now printed it, as soon as I could after my arrival in *England*.

lest I should be thought somewhat wanting to the honour of my friend, and the advantage of this book, I must now recommend it to my readers. I have not the least doubt but they will take my word for it, when I tell them, that there is not one better written extant, upon the subject, since the days of *Noah*. It is full, from the beginning to the end, of wise sayings, diverting stories, humorous and lively jests. But as it may come to pass, that some unbeliever, whom I should count to be no better than a *Jew*, may dispute my veracity in this point; if there should be, I say, such an one; I beg that he would consult a book lately published by the profound *George Frederick Meier*, professor of philosophy at *Halle*, member of the Royal academy at *Berlin*, upon jesting, sect. 9. He will find, by attending to the principles there delivered, that all the jests in our book are true sterling gold: That they are, in his words, *loc. cit. Branches of the sensitive knowledge, and expressions of that knowledge, or sensitive discourses produced by the inferior cognoscitive faculties of the soul; and in particular, by the sensitive wit, and sensitive acumen or penetration.* And that they are thoroughly conformable to the rules, which he tells us have been happily discovered to the world, and which, like many other good things, have been highly prized by the learned, and the adepts in the *Aesthetic Science*, and have been abused, and despised by the vulgar.

As to the utility of this book, a jest in it, ap-

ly applied from the mouth of discretion, will reconcile the enemy, delight the companion, dispel corroding anxiety, sooner, and more powerfully than cardiacal pill, bolus, or potion. In short, a quantum sufficit, secundum artem, of our *pleasant words* will be as an *honey-comb*, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. Thereby, you may rest assured, that old age alone, accidents excepted, will put a period to your sublunary existence. This I prove by giving you one example, out of many, namely that of *Democritus*, whose name, not improperly, stands at the head of the title-page. He was the greatest philosopher of his time, born in *Abdera*, a city of *Thrace*, about 2,200 years ago. From him the celebrated *Epicurus*, and consequently *Lucretius*, derived all their knowledge. He incessantly laughed at, and jested upon the business, vanities, follies, and miseries of men; insomuch that his fellow-citizens said, he was frantick, and sent the famous physician *Hippocrates* to cure him; who after he had talked a while with him, returned, and pronounced those to be mad-men who had accused him of folly. *Vid. Hippocrat. Epistolas.* When he was near death, he kept himself alive, three days, only by the smell of hot bread, and then expired, very easily, without a convulsion, or groan, aged one hundred and nine years. *Vid. Diog. Laert.*

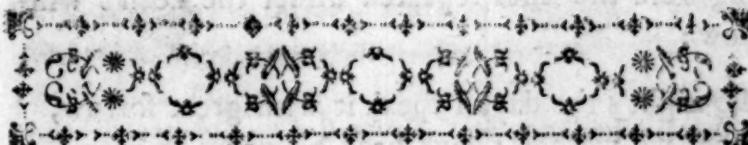
Cicero was also a man of infinite humour. *Cato* said of him, *habemus facetum consulem, we have a jesting consul.* He was every-day straining at jests; many of them are extant, mere puns and quibbles, worse than the worst of ours. Being of so merry a disposition, he would have lived a hundred years, and upwards, even as long as his wife *Terentia* did,

if *Antony* had not shortened his days by cutting off his head, when he was only sixty three years of age.

THE philosopher *Heraclitus*, surnamed the *Dark*, born at *Ephesus*, about forty years before *Democritus*, was the contrast of these. He daily bewailed the vices, and miseries of the world. Whenever he came into the company of men, he wept. At last he entirely shunned them, and took himself to the mountains, where he lived upon grafts and herbs, which brought a dropsy upon him, by which he ended his miserable life, in the strength of his years. He was such a blockhead, as to write many books, consisting of inexplicable allegories.

EURIPIDES brought a treatise of his *upon nature* to *Socrates* in order for him to read it. When *Euripides* afterwards asked him his opinion of it, *Socrates* told him that what he understood of it was good, and he supposed the remainder was so; but that none but a *diver of the island of Delos* could penetrate to the bottom of it.

I SHALL now say no more than this: If you would be eminently distinguished from the *beasts that perish*, by that singular characteristical mark of humanity, risibility, I exhort you to buy, read, remember, and retail the contents of this inestimable book, which you have in your hands.—Here, gentle reader, as it becomes me, I take a civil leave of you for the present.



DEMOCRITUS:

OR, THE

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

LAUGH, JOKE, AND BE MERRY WHENEVER YOU CAN;
FOR NO ONE DELIGHTS IN A SORROWFUL MAN.

WHEN Dr. Swift was dean of St. Patrick's, he was informed by one of the chapter, that the beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor sent for him, and asked him some questions relating to his poetical talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the doctor insisted he should compose some verses on the fifth of November, and repeat them under his window; which accordingly he did; and the dean was so pleased, that he rewarded the composer with a guinea, declaring, at the same time, he was a better poet than Ambrose Philips. The follow-

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ing were the lines repeated under the dean's window :

To night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all t'have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore take care of fires and candle-light,
'Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good night.

IN the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college. The master (whether Dr. Gower or Dr. Jenkins, is uncertain) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand. Piqued a little at that, Mat. composed an extempore epigram on the reception he had met with. It was not reckoned in those days, that he had a very happy turn for an epigram. But the occasion was tempting; and he struck it off, as he was walking from St. John's college to the Rose to dinner. It was addressed to the master, and was as follows :

I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.
One only thing can keep you down,
For your great foul too mean;

You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay *homage* to the queen.

CHARLES V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration; therefore often went out incog. and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobler: unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday; and, instead of finding the cobler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity. "What! friend, says the fellow, do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? was it Charles the V. himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now—but if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome, we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer: but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him: "What, I suppose you are some courtier, politician or other by that contemplative phiz; nay, by your long nose you may be a bastard of the emperor's; but be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome—drink about—here's Charles the fifth's health." Then you love Charles the fifth replied the emperor? "Love him! (says the son of Crispin) ay, ay, I love his long nosehip well enough; but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less—but what the devil have we to do with politics, round with the

glasses, and merry be our hearts." After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobler for his hospitable reception. " That (cried he) you are welcome to, but I would not to-day have dishonoured St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor." Charles, pleased with the honest good-nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise to see and hear his late guest was his sovereign: he feared his joke on his long nose must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition. Next day he appeared, and requested, that for the future the coblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. That request was granted, and as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bid him make another. " If (says he) I am to have my utmost wishes, command, that for the future the company of coblers shall take place of the company of shoe-makers." It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it, and in all processions the company of coblers take place of the company of shoe-makers.

IN a visit queen Elizabeth made to the famous lord chancellor Bacon, at a small country seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment, she asked him, How it came that he made himself so small a house? *It is not I, madam,* answered he, *who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty, who have made me too big for my house.*

MR. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat: he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look out, promising, if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber; and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell in a fury asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, May it please your highness! I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me. The protector, turning to the young woman, cried, What's the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such. My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsey, replied, If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him. Say'st thou so, my lass, cried Cromwell? Call Godwyn; this bu-

finess shall be done presently, before I go out of the room. Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother-parson came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

MR. Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whose great fault was, that he would rather lose his friend than his jest, having made some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins, his patron, and benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily replied, *'Tis needless to give you a copy, doctor, for you have the original.*

L—D Ch—ld chanced one day to be at the prime minister's levee, when Garnet upon Job, a book dedicated to the duke of N—e, happened to lie in the window. Before his grace made his appearance, his lordship had time enough to amuse himself with the book, and when the duke enter'd, he found him reading in it, *Well, my lord,* said his Grace, *What is your opinion of that book? In any other place I should not think much of it,* replied his lordship; *but here in your Grace's levee, I think it one of the best books in the world.*

THERE is a story told of Mr. Waller, the poet, that does honour to his sincerity. King James II. having ordered Mr. Waller to attend him one afternoon; when he came, the king carried him into his closet, and there ask'd him, how he liked such a picture. *Sir, says Mr. Waller, my eyes are dim,*

and I know not whose it is. The king answered, it is the princess of Orange. I think, says Waller, she is like the greatest woman in the world. Whom do you call so? said the king. Queen Elizabeth, replied the other. I wonder, Mr. Waller, said the king, that you should think so; and added, she owed her greatness to her council, which was indeed a wise one. And, sir, said Mr. Waller, did you ever know a fool chuse a wise one?

A CERTAIN Kentish nobleman being in company with some Scotch officers, was bragging of the situation of his villa, and the pleasantness of the country in general; but above all, insisted upon his peculiar happiness (as he had a musical ear) in having such a multitude of nightingales about him. *Nightingales?* says a bonny Scot, we have an infinity of them near Edinburgh—Sir, replies my lord, I thought those birds had never reached so far north: pray, what kind of a thing is a nightingale? *My lord,* rejoins the Scotsman, *it is a boot as big as a pidgeon, and has a head like a cat, and cries, whoo, whoo, whoo.*

A HIGHWAYMAN presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in a chariot, demanded his money with the usual compliment; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart, says the highwayman; and gave it to the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not deliver his purse, he would shoot him. *That you may if you can,* replied the highwayman, *for I promise*

you it is not loaded; and rode off very coolly with his booty.

IN admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships had a leg shot off, whereupon one of his mess-mates took him down to the surgeon, and at the same time took his leg off the deck, and put it under his arm; he was no sooner brought down, but another of his mess mates began, shaking his head, and telling him, he was very sorry he had lost his leg. That's a d—m'd lye, ye son of a b—h, reply'd he, for see here, I have got it under my arm.

A FRENCH beau coming to a fine inn in London, calls for a pennyworth of bread, a pennyworth of cheese, and a pennyworth of beer, then goes to bed; and in the morning, calling for about the same quantity for his breakfast, demanded what was to pay. The man of the house, seeing he made a genteel appearance, makes a reasonable bill of ten shillings, and carries it into monsieur, who having perused it, told him, 'twas a great deal money; but if you must have ten shilling, ten shilling you shall have; tho' the house be much troubled with rats, that I had no sleep to night. The inn-keeper told him, what he said was true, and would give anything to get rid of them; which the Frenchman, for a bottle of wine, undertook to cure; and, after drinking the wine, now, says he, call all de rats into dis room, and make dem every one a bill of *ten shillings*, and dey never trouble your house again while dey live.

AN English vessel meeting one from Ireland, haled it, and desired to know what she was laden with: *timber and fruit*, answered the master: tim-

ber and fruit? reply'd the other: *Ay, said the master, birch-brooms and potatoes.*

A COUPLE of justices, walking in the city of York, espied a woman in a corner, relieving nature from the pressure of a burden which she could not contain any longer: one of them cried out, pointing to the squatish fair, brother, brother, what a shameful thing, what a beastly thing this is! I vow, this is matter that deserves to be looked into. The other, being a more sensible man, pry-thee, brother, answered he, do you look into it then: but for my part, *I am satisfied with the smell.*

A JURY being summoned to attend the coroner of Middlesex to sit on the body of a woman who had hanged herself; an Irishman going by, on seeing them enter the house, asked, what was the matter? and being told, they were going to sit on the dead body, *Arrah now, says he, then I'll be d—m'd if so many don't squeeze her to death.*

As Dean Swift was crossing over the Ferry in Dublin, turning himself from the passengers in the stern of the boat, he addressed a poor man near him. Well, friend, what profession are you of? I am a taylor, sir, answered the other, not knowing the Dean; Are you married, said Swift? yes, sir, replied the taylor; and who wears the breeches? said the dean. My A—se, answered the other.

A YOUNG woman, living with an old lady, could never do any thing for her, but she would find fault with it, to whom the girl used to cry, O dear, Madam, you are so *curious penurious*, there is no such a thing as pleasing ye.—The woman was determined to know the meaning of *curious penurious*; and going to St. Paul's school, told one of the boys, she would give him six-pence to tell

it her.—Why, replied he, *curious penurious is Latin; and the English is, you hatchet-face old bitch, will ye eat any grains.*—The old woman went home red hot with her knowledge, and immediately fell upon the girl.—I'll *curious penurious ye* for an impudent whore.—*Ye hatched-face old bitch, will ye eat any grains!*—What, did ye think I should never learn Latin, with a pox to ye, for a brazen-face bitch!

THREE young fellows meeting with a country girl, and thinking to have some fun with her, insisted on her going with them to the tavern, telling her they were her cousins, and began drinking to her: but when it came to her turn to drink, she asked their names: which the first answered, his name was Lane, the second his name was Wall, and the third said his name was Moss: whereupon taking her glass, she said, as I was going up a *lane*, I sh—t against a *wall*, and wipt my *A*— with *moss*— so here's to ye, cousins all: and then left them to pay the reckoning.

A GRACELESS son asked his mother, who was pretty antient, what she did out of her grave so long? I wait to read your *dying speech*, answered the mother.

A FAMOUS wit of France coming to pay his court to Lewis XIV. one at Versailles meeting him, rare news for you, says he, the king has made you governor over his hogs and monkies. Then, said the wit, pray, sir, prepare yourself to obey my commands, for you are one of my subjects.

An Irishman was asked, whether he, or his brother, were oldest? I am oldest, said he, but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of an age.

A WARM dispute arose between some parish officers at a meeting where Mr. Nash was present, about repairing the workhouse; when a man, who was born in it, but had acquired a good fortune in the world, and had forgot himself, strenuously opposed the laying out any money on that account, saying, it was habitable, and that was sufficient. *Don't be positive, my friend, says Nash, the building is strangely run to ruin since your mother lay in there.*

WHEN drams were more in vogue than they are at present, a gentleman called for a glass of brandy at the *Smyrna*, because, he said, he was very hot. Bring me one, waiter, says another, for I am very cold. *It is a strange thing, says Nash, that people can't find an excuse for their follies, without insulting the good sense of the company. Here, bring me a dram, boy, for I like it.*

A DROLL quaker, who was in years, being in the coffee-house when the bells rang, asked who was come to town? a man at one of the tables said it was the devil; then, says the quaker, he may kiss my backside. *Friend, says Nash, you seem to be a sensible man; but I don't think it is altogether so prudent in you to make enemies at your time of life.*

A CAPTAIN of a man of war had got a circle round him in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phænomenon which he had seen at sea; when looking round, and perceiving Nash laugh, he grew angry, and said he did not believe him. *Why, sir, says Nash, did you see it? Yes, I did, answered the gentleman. Well, if you saw it, says Nash, I will believe it; but I would not if I had seen it myself.*

THIS gentleman, however, soon after returned the compliment; for Nash was one of those who shot with a long bow, or, in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his fallies of wit and humour; and having told a most confounded large story, the captain gave a *hem*: upon which Nash made up to him; *And so, captain*, says he, *you won't believe this?*—*Why, yes*, says the captain, *I will*, Nash, *to oblige you*; but *I would not believe such another damn'd lie for any man upon the face of the earth*.

A FRIEND of Mr. Nash's, who had entered his son at the temple to study the law, in order to fit him for the bar, was complaining to Mr. Nash of his son's inattention to his studies, and of his irregularities, saying, that instead of minding his business, he was continually dancing to *Ranelagh*, and other places of diversion. *It appears then*, (says Nash,) *that your son minds no law but Rane-law*.

A NOBLEMAN, remarkable for his good-nature, and affability, ordering his servant pretty late at night to go with a message a considerable distance from the place where he was then in company; the fellow did not receive his master's commands with that cheerfulness he ought. The nobleman, after the man had left the room, asked Mr. Nash, whether he did not think his footman seemed somewhat sulky at receiving his orders, and what could be the meaning of it? *My lord*, says Nash, *you are a good master to your servants, and as no body can do too much for a good master, your man, I suppose, is determined he never will*.

ANOTHER time, Mr. Nash, soliciting subscriptions among the gentlemen at Morgan's coffee-

house at Bath, met with very good success from all but one gentleman, who absolutely refused to give any thing. However, just as the gentleman was going out of the coffee-room, Mr. Nash called out to him in a loud voice, *I wish you safe home, sir; but remember, if you should chance to lose any thing by the way, you did not draw your purse-strings here;* which occasioning a laugh, put the gentleman to the blush: however, he turned back with a jocular air, and damning Nash for the boldest beggar he ever met with in his life, gave him five guineas.

DURING the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, a design was formed for re-establishing the Jews in this kingdom, with full liberty to carry on trade, and exercise their religion; but tho' this affair met with violent opposition from the heads of the different sectaries, yet Oliver so far carried his point as to encourage a small body of them to settle in their old quarter, under the direction of Manasseh Ben-Israel, a great rabbi, who soon built a synagogue, and publickly performed divine worship. The intelligence which the protector received, from time to time, by means of the extensive correspondence and close amity every where maintained throughout the universe among the scattered remains of the Jewish nation, contributed not a little to the success of his enterprises abroad, and particularly to that of his naval expeditions; an instance of which is somewhere upon record, and thus related: As the earl of Orrery was once walking with Cromwell in one of the galleries at Whitehall, a man almost in rags appeared in view; upon which Cromwell immediately left the earl, and took that person

with him into his closet, who told him of a great sum of money that the Spaniards were sending over in a Dutch man of war, to pay their army in Flanders; and also the very part of the ship where the money was repositored. The protector then immediately sent an express to Smith (afterwards Sir Jeremy Smith) who lay in the Downs, informing him that within a day or two such a Dutch ship would pass the channel, which he must search for the Spanish money. Accordingly, when the ship passed by Dover, Smith sent, and demanded leave to search her. The Dutch captain return'd, *That none but his masters should search him.* Upon which Smith sent him word again, *that he had set up an hour-glass, and if he did not submit to the search before it was run out, he would sink him.* The Dutchman seeing it was in vain to contend with superior force, submitted in time; and so all the money was found. And the next time Cromwell saw the lord Orrery, he told him, *he had his intelligence from that seemingly forlorn Jew he saw him go to some days before.*

SOON after the battle of Oudenarde, the dutchess of Marlborough made a tour to Flanders, under pretence of complimenting the duke on that victory, but in fact to inform him of the cabals of his enemies, which it was not safe to entrust on paper. Her grace landed at Dunkirk, where she lay all night; and in the morning, her thoughts being intent, perhaps, upon more important concerns, tho' she had given a great deal of trouble in the inn, yet she went away and forgot the usual present to the chambermaid. The girl, who interpreted this neglect to her grace's want of generosity, thought

of an expedient to make herself amends; and with this view she purchased a number of phials, and then filling them, carefully cork'd them up, and sealed them; this done, she caused it to be rumoured abroad that she had a quantity of the dutchess of Marlborough's eye-water, which her grace, at her departure, had put into her hands to sell. It was in reality the dutchess of Marlborough's water that filled the bottles, and the humour succeeded to the girl's wish; the eye-water was bought for the novelty by rich and poor, and the cures it performed were so wonderful, that the fame of its virtues reached the dutchess at the English camp. Her grace recollects her omission, and was not a little nettled at the wench's stratagem, but could not then help it. In her return home however, she lay again at the same inn; and as the wench was putting her to bed at night, *Child, said she, I hear you have a famous eye-water to sell; I have a mind to be a purchaser.* The girl, quite confounded and ready to sink, faintly said, it was all disposed of. *What quantity might you have of it, said the dutchess? Only a few dozens, replied the girl. Well, said the dutchess, prepare your bottles, and you now may have a larger quantity of the genuine sort.* The girl was miserably perplexed, and could not tell what to say; but fell into tears, and dropping upon her knees confessed her indiscretion, and humbly implor'd her grace's forgiveness, promising never to offend again in the like manner; *Nay, but indeed, child, said her grace, you must make up some for me, for I have heard an excellent character of its sovereign virtues.* Being assured her grace was in earnest, the girl reply'd, *she should be obey'd.* Her

grace's intention was, to prevent her eye-water be-
ing any more hawk'd about in Dunkirk; and there-
fore in the morning she ordered her young doctress
in her own presence to bottle every drop of it, to
cork it up safely, and seal it, as she had done the
former; by which she discovered that the girl had
actually procured her grace's arms to her new no-
strum, a circumstance she had not before dreamt of.
*Well, my dear, said the dutches, I find you're a
mistress of your trade; you make no scruple to coun-
terfeit a seal.* Madam, said the girl, you dropt
the seal in the room, and that put it into my head.
*And what might you gain, said her grace, by
your last supply?* Fifty livres, reply'd the girl.
*Very well, said the dutches; please to restore the
seal, and there is double that sum for you;* putting
five Louis d'Ors in her hand; adding with a stern
look, and a severe tone of voice, *Beware of coun-
terfeits, hussy.*

OLD Dyer, who is remarkable for facetiousness
and drollery, happened one day to be alone at the
Flask at Hamstead, in venison-time, when the
Cordwainer's company kept their annual feast there.
Dyer observed two glorious hanches roasting at the
fire, and made it his business to learn who they
were for. Being told, *for the cordwainer's-com-
pany*, he determined to dine with them. He knew
it was the custom upon those occasions for every
member to bring his friend, and consequently that
several, as well as himself, would be strangers to all
but *one* in the company, and that questions are ne-
ver asked, when once admittance is obtained and
people are seated; he therefore watched his oppor-
tunity when dinner went up, and seated himself a-
mong the rest as near as he could to one of the

hanches, where he did not fail to play his part. He was very pleasant and chearful, and those that sat next him were highly diverted; no exceptions were taken, and all pass'd off as he had imagined. After dinner, when the bottle and song began to move briskly round, he fung in his turn, and was much applauded. But when the time came that he thought of departing, he shifted his seat, and placing himself next the door, he began a story. He had already drawn the attention of the company upon him by his uncommon humour; so, upon the word *Story* all were silent. Gentlemen, said he, I am always pleased when I have an opportunity of remarking the flourishing condition of trade; I remember a wonderful alteration for the better in this very company of yours within these forty years, and I think I can give you a remarkable instance of it. When I was a young fellow, continued Dyer gravely, I was but low in the world myself; and I observed that the nearest way to wealth was through the road of frugality; and therefore I pitched upon a chop-house in Grub-street, where I could dine for two-pence. The mistress of the house was remarkably neat and civil, particularly to those who were her constant customers; and the room where we dined was, by means of a curtain, or more properly a blanket, hung upon a rod, partitioned off into two divisions, the inner, and the outer; the inner division the good woman kept for the better sort of folks, of whom I had the honour to be accounted one, and the outer was for the casual and ordinary sort. It happened one day, however, as I was drawing the blanket to go in as usual, the mistress of the house pulled me hastily by the coat, and whisper'd in my

ear, You must not go in there to-day, sir—Why so, said I in some heat? I beg your pardon, sir, said the woman, but indeed you can't be admitted.—What the devil's the matter that I can't be admitted, said I swaggering? Why, said the woman with joy in her countenance, the master and wardens of the Cordwainers-company do me the honour to dine with me to-day, and I must keep my best parlour empty for their worships reception. I thought it indeed but decent to give place to that worthy body, and so was pacify'd—The company upon hearing this story began to lay their heads together, to know who this gentleman was; which Dyer observing, took that opportunity to slip away.

WHEN the great duke of Marlborough commanded in Flanders, a Jew, concerned in the contract for furnishing bread to the army there, made him an annual present of between 5 and 6000l. The queen had besides ordered him 10,000l. a year to support his dignity, and to enable him to procure intelligence; and on the same account her majesty had issued out a warrant for him to receive two and a half *per cent.* out of the pay of the foreign troops, as was the practice in K. William's war, which amounted to 15000l. more, in all about 30,000l. a-year. But upon the change of the ministry, when things were carried to extremities, and this great man was divested of his command by the queen's own letter, a charge was brought against him in parliament for the embezzlement of so much public money as the Jew's present, and the deduction from the pay of the foreign troops annually amounted to. And tho' he made it appear that the whole sum was less by 20000l. a-year than in the former war had been

allowed K. William for the same service; and that by disposing of it properly he had procured so good intelligence, as never once to be surprised, nor any party he ever sent out intercepted or cut off; nay, that all his designs had been so well concerted, thro' the faith of his intelligence, that he had never miscarried in any one of them; yet his enemies were suffered to prevail, the house censured the receipt of the Jew's money as illegal, and her majesty was prevailed upon to send an order to the attorney-general to prosecute him for the 15,000l. that was deducted yearly out of the pay of the foreign troops, tho' he was authorised by her own warrant to receive it. Such was the behaviour of a House of Commons to a man who had carried the military glory of the English nation to a higher pitch than any general had ever done before him.

THE prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contain'd, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. *Sir, said he, the gold I found in your purse I suppose your highness intended me; but these I bring back to you as having no claim to them. You have, soldier, answered the prince, doubly deserved them by your bravery, and by your honesty; therefore they are yours.*

THE old earl of Derby, who lived in the reigns of James and Charles I. wore such plain apparel that he could not be distinguished by his garb from the better sort of farmers; and coming to court in his ordinary habit, was denied entrance into the

privy-chamber by a fine-dress'd Scot, who told him, that was no place for plowmen; that none came there but gentlemen, or such as dressed like gentlemen. The earl replied, he wore the cloaths he used to wear, and if the Scots did so they'd make but a mean figure in the English court. The king hearing a dispute at the chamber-door came out to know what occasioned it; to whom the earl said, *Nothing, my liege, but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags behind them in Scotland, neither know themselves, nor their betters.* The king being angry at the affront offered to so great a man, said, ' my good lord Derby, I am sorry for the abuse given you by my servant; and, to make your lordship satisfaction, I will command him to be hanged, if your lordship desires it.' The earl reply'd, that is too small an atonement for the affront put upon my honour, and I expect his punishment should be more exemplary. ' Name it, my lord, said the king, and it shall be done.' *Why then, said the earl, I desire your majesty would send him home again.*

KING Edward IV. is said to have been one of the handsomest men of his age, tall, fair-complexioned, and of a most majestic presence. In the 14th year of his reign a free benevolence being granted to maintain a war against France, he pleasantly demanded of a rich widow, what she would give him towards bearing his expences in that war. *By my troth, quoth she, king, thou'rt e'n a bonson man, and for thy lovely face thou sha't ha twonty ponds.* That sum being great in those days, and more by half than the king expected, he gave the widow thanks, and kindly saluted her; which had so joyous an effect upon the good old lady, that she re-

ply'd, Neay now, king, byth' mess thou sha't ha twonty ponds more; and ordered it to be paid accordingly.

THE reverend Mr. Carter, late incumbent of Bramford in Suffolk, a man of great learning and as great modesty, happening to dine among others of the clergy at an alderman's house in Ipswich, one of the company being full of himself, engross'd the whole conversation, and at length challenged any man present to start a question in theology or natural philosophy that he could not give a full and satisfactory answer to. The vanity of the man struck every body dumb, which increased his volubility the more; when Mr. Carter thought fit to check his career by a simple proposition: *Here, says he, is a fish that has always lived in salt water, pray tell me why it should come out a fresh fish, and not a salt one?* Being unable to make any reply, he said not a word more, but left the company to pursue more agreeable conversation.

THE earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with Mr. Butler, author of Hudibras, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they us'd, in the character only of a common friend; this being done, Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appear'd very flat and heavy; at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant, agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, funk again into such stupidity and dulness that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of a book that abounded with so much wit, learning and pleasantry. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd ask'd his lord-

Ship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, *He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.*

THE vicar of Bray in Berkshire, being a papist under the reign of Henry VIII. and a protestant under Edward VI. a papist again under queen Mary, and a protestant in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was reproached as the scandal of his gown, by turning from one religion to another; *I cannot help that, said the vicar, but if I changed my religion, I am sure I've kept true to my principle, which is, to live and die the vicar of Bray.*

THERE is a story of Sir William Kingston, who was provost-marshal to Edward VI. that after a rebellion that happened in that reign upon the alteration of religion, he invited himself to dine with the mayor of Bodwin in Cornwal, who, thinking himself honoured, provided a handsome entertainment for him, suitable to his dignity. While dinner was getting ready, the provost took Mr. Bowyer aside, (for that was the mayor's name) and whispered in his ear that there must be an execution that afternoon, and therefore ordered him to cause a gallows to be set up over-against his own door. The mayor obeyed his command, and after dinner the provost took the mayor by the hand, and desired him to lead him to the place of execution, which when he beheld, he ask'd the mayor if he thought it was strong enough. *Yes, says the mayor, doubtless it is.* Well, then, said Sir William, get up and try, for it is provided for you. I hope, sir, said the mayor, you are not in earnest. By my troth, says the provost, there is no remedy, for you have been a busy rebel. And so, without any form of trial, caused the mayor to be executed.

ANOTHER story is told of a miller, who having been very active in the same rebellion, and fearing the diabolical spirit of Kingston, who shewed no mercy wherever he came, went from home, and told a young, stout fellow, his servant, that if any gentlemen should come and enquire for him, to tell them that he was the miller. The provost came, as the miller had fore-seen, and the servant said as he was ordered; upon which the provost commanded his Myrmidons to seize him, and hang him on the next tree. The poor fellow hearing this, cried out, *I am not the miller but the miller's man.* Nay, friend, said Sir William, I will take thee at thy first word; if thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and a rebel, and deservest to be hang'd: if thou art not the miller, thou art a false, lying knave, and can't not do thy master better service than to be hang'd for him. And so caused the fellow to be executed.

CAPTAIN Porter, a gay officer in Frazer's regiment, fell in love with a sprightly young lady at Henley upon Thames, and married her. Being in lodgings some time after at a village in that neighbourhood, they hired a very pretty maid; and as they were all young and had but little to do, they were wont to divert the time in romping, without any exception taken, till one day the mistress bolting open the chamber-door a little too abruptly, discovered Betty and her master more familiar together than she had reason to desire they should continue; but bridling her passion, she pull'd to the door, and instantly withdrew. The girl, as soon as she could recover herself from her dishabille, hastened after her mistress, and in a violent agitation, madam, said she, I desire you would

take warning, for I would not live with my master for a king's ransom; there never was so rude a man born; he's always pulling one about, or swearing at one. Well, well, Bett, said the mistress, who could not help smiling, moderate your passion, and never mind him; if he pulls you about, you pull him again; and if you pull him a-days, I'll pull him a-nights, and I warrant you we'll tame him between us.

AN Irishman meeting one of his countrymen, arrah, says Paddy, and who do you think I see yesterday at night, o't'other side the way? by my conshawnes, quoth Murdoch, an I can't tell, for the life of me. Why, you fool, quoth Paddy, an I tell you, can you gues now? yes, yes, quoth the other, an I believe I can. Why then, says Patrick, 'twas little Phelen o'Block. Arrah faith, says Murdoch, and now I know it; and what was he after saying now. *O chree joy, quoth Paddy, een nothing at all, at all; for when I crossed the way, 'twan't him neither.*

Two Irishmen fighting together, one of them knocked the other down, and seeing him lie motionless, thought he had kill'd him; but taking him by the hand, cries, O, my dear Paddy, now be after speaking to me, and if I have kill'd you, tell me honey. To which the other answered, no, my dear, Mac, I arn't dead at all at all; *but by my soul I am speechless.*

A WELCHMAN hearing a malefactor that was try'd just before him, say, concerning a mare he had stolen, *That he brought it up from a colt;* when one came to be examined on a sword he had shank-ed, said *that truly by St. David, 'twas his own, for he bred it up from a dagger.*

A LADY being at a wedding, and overstraining herself a little, let a great fart; at which she blushed so much, and was in such confusion, that she was forced to quit the chamber, nor could any one persuade her to come in again; but happening to leave her gloves in a chair, near a gentleman that sat by her, she bid one of the maids fetch them away, but the maid excused herself, as did the other also. At last she goes in herself, without taking notice of any person, but the gentleman, to whom she said, *Did you see, sir, (and then stopt) Did I see what madam,* said the gentleman? *Why* (continued she, forgetting her gloves) *did ye see my fart?* At which the whole company burst into laughter, and with much ado persuaded her to stay, and end their mirth together.

A COUNTRY fellow being admitted to a gentleman's table, fell upon the artichoaks; but not knowing what should be eaten, and what not, took a mouthful of the burrs, which almost choaked him: when one who sat next him said, ' friend, that dish is reserved for the last.' Truly, answered he, (as well as he could) I am of your mind, for I think it will be *my last.*

QUEEN Elizabeth being to pay the city of Coventry a visit, she gave notice sometime before she went; in the interim the mayor and corporation proposed something to be made on the occasion: but the chief consultation was, whether it wou'd be best in prose, or rhyme: however, by a great majority, rhyme was thought best: but who was to be poet was still undetermined. First, one was proposed, then another; at last the mayor fixed on Mr. Town Clerk—agreed—A fortnight was given for the great performance; the time expir'd, comes

Mr. Town Clerk with the poem, every body was impatient to hear it, which was, to this effect—The mayor's name was Bell.

Be merry, John Bell, be merry,
Thou mayor of Coventree;
For her majesty's grace is come to this place
For to see—ME.

WELL, it gave great satisfaction, all but the word ME, which they said look'd as if she came to see you only. Now you know, Mr. Town Clerk, she comes to see us all; that must be altered, and we will give you ten days to consider of it; away goes Mr. Town Clerk: and, at his appointed time, brings it again, when the great alteration was highly approv'd.

Be merry, John Bell, be merry,
Thou mayor of Coventree;
For her majesty's grace is come to this place
For to see—WE.

A MAN at a public house near Fleet-market, being remarkably abusive of Mr. Wilkes, was observed to swear a prodigious number of oaths; of which a gentleman marked them down till they mounted to 45; 'and now my friend, says he, I will make you pay for abusing the great patriot.'

MR. Wilkes, when a very young man, was candidate for the town of Berwick upon Tweed, and not being returned, preferred a petition to the House of Commons. Mr. Campbell accepted a retaining fee of fifty guineas in this cause. Just before it was to come on in the house, Mr. Campbell sent word that he *could not* plead. Mr. Wilkes waited on him, expostulated, remonstrated,--in

vain---Mr. Campbell *could not* plead; nor *could* he return the money; but told Mr. Wilkes the law was open, to which recourse might be had.

‘No, sir, replied Mr. Wilkes, I was weak enough to give you a fee; but I am not such a fool as to go to law with you: for I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I shall be able to find one that *can* plead for me. I have brought my advocate with me; therefore---draw---for, before I quit this room, I will have my money or satisfaction.’ Mr. Wilkes had his money, instead of the *faithful* and able advocate, which he wanted, and which he would have found, had Mr. Campbell been **DISINTERESTED**.

SHORTLY after Mr. Wilkes’s first election for Middlesex, a noble lord sent a card to a gentleman (who formerly was a school-fellow), requesting his company on a certain day at his lordship’s house: when the gentleman arrived, after discoursing on the common topics of the day, his lordship began to enter on the occasion of his message: ‘I am, says he, informed that you got Mr. Wilkes sixty-one votes at his late election at Brentford, but hope, for my sake, it is not true, as I should be very sorry to hear that any of my friends voted for a person of Mr. Wilkes’s principles.’ The gentleman, after thanking his lordship for his candid opinion, replied, ‘It is not true on my honour,---I did not get Mr. Wilkes sixty-one votes; but I do assure your lordship, I and my friends made just one hundred and twenty one single votes for Mr. Wilkes; and, as I am independent, on any future occasion will get two hundred, without one shilling expence to Mr. Wilkes.’

THE following anecdote may not at the present

juncture be unacceptable:---The honest old C---of N---, from the following declaration which he made t'other day, seems to have a very different idea of a mob from that which is entertained by some of our present mighty men:---‘I love a mob (says he). I headed a mob once myself. We owe the Hanover succession to a mob.’ It is remarkable, that those who have distinguished themselves so much lately against the mob, are the descendants of those very persons who distinguished themselves so much formerly against the Hanover succession.

A GREAT beau, dressed in a rich wedding suit, happening one day to be coming by Billingsgate, one of the fishwomen cryed out, oh la, I wish I could do what that gentleman in white can do. The beau hearing her, and being curious to know what she meant, came up to her, and asked her, what it was she thought he could do? *Why, sir* (says she) *you can kiss my arse, which you know I can't do myself.*

A YOUNG rake meeting an old bare-footed fryer one day, said scornfully, ah, father, father, if after all your mortifying the flesh, there should be neither heaven nor hell hereafter, what a great fool you'll be. Ah! son, son, says the priest, if after all your wickedness, there should be a heaven and hell hereafter, who *will* be the greatest fool then, *You or I?*

AN Irishman having had a great dispute with his sweetheart, in the heat of blood, resolved to make away with himself, for which purpose, he went into his landlady's dining room, having bought a pair of pistols; and after loading them, walking towards the glass; the landlady who sus-

pected his intentions, ran up stairs, and came just time enough to see him discharge his pistol into the glass, upon which she cried out, oh! oh! I'm ruined, and undone forever. *And so am I, says Paddy, for I have just now killed the handsomest man in the world.*

A SCOTCH officer paying a visit to Bethlem hospital, was called after by a young female who seemed to know him; upon his coming up to her, she asked him, if he would fight, and thereupon presented a straw, he accepted the challenge, for the joke's sake. They parryed for some time, till the young bedlamite took an opportunity to stoop down and lift up her pot full of thick and thin, which she suddenly flung at poor Sawney; *there! (says she) go tell your blitten king, that I have made a blitten captain of you.*

QUIN, when manager, had kept a poet's tragedy too long. The poet calling often and being angry, Quin sent him to the bureau and desired him to take it. After searching for it some time among several others, and not finding his own, *Well,* said Quin, *take two comedies and a farce for it.*

A GENTLEMAN order'd his servant to call him at six o' clock in the morning, but he waked him at four, and when his master asked him the reason of it; he answer'd, *that he came to tell him, that he had still two hours to sleep.*

A COUNTRY parson who had a great desire to disengage himself from a company of hungry gentlemen, that came to his house, after he had told them, at first, that they were very welcome, and made a show of sending his servants, some of them to draw ale, and others to kill fowls, at the same time he took his surplice, and his prayer-book in

his hand, and prepar'd himself to go abroad. Where are you a-going Mr. Parson? said the gentlemen. He answer'd, I'll return in a minute, for I must go, whilst the dinner is making ready, to pray by a poor man, dying of the plague. And upon saying this, went out immediately. Upon which those spungers were so frightened that they ran away immediately, full drive, and fled as if the plague had been *at their heels.*

A LATE noble personage, sitting with one who had a particular faculty in making extemporary verses, laid him a wager of twenty guineas, that he could not make a pertinent answer to what he should say, in rhyme. The other accepted the bet, and the money was deposited; when my lord cry'd out, as the first stuff that came into his thoughts,

I laid me down and farted;
To which his antagonist as readily reply'd,
A fool and his money is soon parted:
and swept all the cash into his hat.

A sea-officer's account of the surprizing occurrences which happened in his voyage.

I was in the capacity of a midshipman on board a man of war, call'd the Strike-home; and when we had sail'd about three leagues from the shore, we were attacked by such a violent storm, attended with a total darkness, that notwithstanding the utmost efforts to preserve our lives, in about five minutes after this tempest began, the ship was cast away, and I believe every soul, except myself, perish'd; but to verify the old proverb, which says, those that are born to be hang'd will never be drown'd;

I happened to be so fortunate as to be swallowed by an excessive large whale, in whose body I resided about three weeks, as near as I could guess; during which time having no provisions about me, I fed upon his vitals, which the salt-water had rendered very savoury and palatable; and really I lik'd my provision very well. But I was so unfortunate as to be situated in that part of the body where no liquor passed, and being excessive thirsty by eating such salt provisions, I could not tell what method to pursue, in order to get something to drink. At length I recollect'd that I had got a piked-pointed penknife in my pocket, and having taken it out, made towards his bladder, which I pierced with the point of it, and putting my lips to the orifice, drank my fill.—Thus being in possession of a pantry full of provisions and a cellar full of liquor, besides living in a large habitation rent-free, I thought myself extremely happy, and was very well pleased with my situation.—To complete my happiness, I had a short pipe and a large quantity of tobacco in my pocket, as also a tinder-box, with a flint, and all necessary appurtenances; and having fill'd my pipe, and set fire to my tinder, I lighted it. The monster however not being used to the smoke of tobacco, and as I funk'd such large clouds of it, grew excessive sick, and swam towards the shore (as they always do when they are either sick or wounded) where he wastaken with a prodigious reaching, and spewed me out upon the dry land, on the coast of Kent, with the greatest force imaginable.

Tom Clark, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him bishcp Burnet's *history of the reformation*; the other told him he could

not possibly spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read in it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom fenthim word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he would.*

JEMMY L——, whose character needs no comment, being one night pretty late at cards, at the St. James's coffee-house, at length rose up and said, 'he had nothing now to do but throw himself into the arms of Morpheus.' A certain lord, who is more famous for his wit than good-nature, asked him, 'if Ganymede would not be equally agreeable to him?'

ONE Bambridge, a cobling watchmaker, meeting Tompion one day in Moorsfields, stopped him, and taking him by the hand, said he was heartily glad to see him. Tompion expresst his surprize, saying, Bambridge had the advantage of him. 'Why, sir, said he, don't you know me?—You and I are the two most famous men of the trade.' Indeed! said Tompion, may I crave your name? 'Bambridge, sir,---' I never heard of it before, sir; are you in the repeating or the stop way?' rejoined Tompion. 'Neither, sir,' resumed Bambridge: 'yet I tell you once more, we are the two most famous men of the trade—You for being the best, and I for being the worst watch-maker in the world.'

SOME gentlemen t'other day boasting of their ancestors, an arch wag standing by, said he believed he was of a more ancient family than any of them, and could trace his pedigree in a lineal descent from king Lud. Ay! says one of them, how do you make that out? Why, sir, said he, ~~he~~

was my misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a debt of fifty shillings, and I made my escape down a rope.

A CERTAIN little German baron, whom the world has been so ungenerous to as to suppose he lived entirely by gaming, was some time since at Scarborough, and playing at piquet whilst dinner was preparing, and the forks and knives laid at an adjacent table, his adversary being provoked at an unremitting series of ill-luck, and suspecting that two aces were concealed under one of his hands, most barbarously pinioned it to the table with a fork, saying, ' by G--d, baron, I have detected you now.' The sequel of this adventure was as fatal to the baron as the beginning, for not only the aces were by some unaccountable accident found under his hand, but the implacable foe in his wrath threw the unfortunate German nobleman out of a one pair of stairs window into the street. All the consolation the baron met with upon this occasion, was from that arch wag F--te, who happened to be passing at that time, and to whom the baron related his lamentable story--' *Have I not always, said F--te, dissuaded you, baron, from playing so high?*'

A GENTLEMAN, telling a lady that a certain apothecary was broke, and obliged to shut up shop, she enquired the cause; to which the gentleman replied, he was so honest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines, as is too common a practice, he advised them to take the wholesome air, and of course lost the profits arising from the sale of his drugs. Poor man! says she, *it is plain he could not live by the air, though his patients could.*

DR. M——— coming out of Tom's coffee-house,

{ an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and desired he would lend him five guineas. *How! said the doctor, I am surprized you should apply to me for such a favour, who don't know you! Oh! dear sir, replied the apothecary, it is for that very reason I ask it, for those who know me won't lend me a farthing.*

AN honest French dragoon, in the service of Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words told him, he would let him escape that time; but, if ever he found him there again, he would throw his hat outat the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word; sensible of what he had done, he pefted away to the place where he knew the king was to be; and throwing himself at his majesty's feet, implored his pardon. The king asked what his offence was? He told him how he had been abused. Well, well, said the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation; I think you was much in the right to throw his hat out of the window, Yes, and may it please you, my liege, *but his head was in it*, said the dragoon. Was it? replied the king, well, my word is passed.

THE Rev. Mr. Whiston, the famous astronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years, and, some time after, being about to dispose of a little estate, he asked the buyer thirty years purchase; upon which, in great surprize, the gentleman demanded, *With what face he could ask so much, when he well knew the world would be at an end in little more than half the time?*

POPE, who, whatever his other good qualities

might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a *manuscript* of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend: as they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage—Oh! says Pope sarcastically, by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it; upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the case; and pray, master, says Pope, (piqued perhaps at being out-done by a red-coat) what is a note of interrogation? A note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, is *a little crooked thing that asks questions*: 'tis said however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

A GENTLEMAN ask'd a shepherd, whether that river was to be pass'd over or not; yes, says he; but going to try, flounc'd over head and ears. Why thou rogue says he, did not you tell me it might be pass'd over? Truly, sir, says he, I thought so; for my geese go over and back again every day.

ONE broke a jest upon a gentleman; and after dinner he told him he could not break a jest, *but he could break his pate*, and did so.

A MAN brought home a sheep's-head with the horns on: says his wife, and why, husband, the horns on? is there not one in the house already of that sort? but *like to like*: *I see your humour is too like something like yourself*.

ANOTHER bought a pair of horns, and brought them home; his wife ask'd him what that meant: he said, to hang his hat on: good lord, says she, *can't you keep your hat on your own head.*

A JUDGE willing to save a man that stole a watch, it was valued but at twelve pence; but he that lost it said, the fashion of it cost him five pounds. *O* says the judge, *we must not hang a man for fashion sake.*

AN ignorant physician told a parson, that his cure maintain'd only himself; but mine, says he, *maintains all the sextons in town.*

MR. DERRICK having, by some means, given a slight offence to a lady, which, however, she was very well disposed to pardon, on his asking it a gentleman, who was an admirer of the lady, and a secret enemy to Derrick, prevented them from meeting, by falsely representing them to each other; notwithstanding which, in a polite company where this quarrel was brought upon the carpet, he had the assurance to say, that he had *screened* Derrick from the lady's resentment. 'I believe (says Derrick) you have stod between me and the sun.'

MR. DERRICK used to entertain his friends with the following story: a friend of his, a single gentleman, had an Irish footman as guilty of bull-making as any gentleman of that country. The above gentleman having bought four pair of silk stockings, gave them to this fellow (who was his wardrobe-keeper) to take care of, but in less than a week two pair out of the four were lost: Paddy, with a sorrowful countenance, informed his master of the accident, and begged he would not be angry, for that he would answer for getting them again,

as he had advertised them. ‘ And how much did you offer as a reward ? says the gentleman.’ ‘ Four shillings a pair, sir, says Paddy.’ Why thou incorrigible dog ! (returns his master) can you be fool enough to suppose that eight shillings will recover two pair of *silk stockings* that did not cost me less than a guinea and a half ?—O ! by Jafus, sir, you are after mistaking if you suspect my cunning : I foresaw that as well as you,—and so, in the advertisement, I made them believe the stockings were *worsted* !

IN a tea-table conversation, a certain lady of quality told Mr. Derrick, she had heard, that when he was a writer in the Review, he frequently imposed on the public, by bestowing great commendations on authors of no genius, merely because they were his friends. ‘ Admitting this to be true, madam, (answered he) I acted with more generosity than you do, for whether friends or foes, deserving or otherwise, you scandalize every body you know.’

MR. DERRICK used to amuse the ladies with the following story.—A fruiterer’s wife, and the lady of a cheese-monger meeting accidentally together at the house of an acquaintance, and happening to depart at the same time, on the lady fruiterer stepping first to the door,—‘ Stop, madam, says the other, *cheese always precedes fruit !* and pushing her aside, went down stairs before her.

MR. DERRICK, on a journey to Derbyshire, stopped at an inn, the landlord of which was lately dead. The disconsolate widow, on hearing who Mr. Derrick was, earnestly solicited him to write an epitaph on her deceased spouse, declaring, that out of the six husbands she had had, not one of

them was without a tomb-stone and *verses*. Mr. Derrick, in compliance with her request, told her he would write an epitaph, and immediately went out among the neighbours to enquire the qualities of the deceased; and being informed that he was a man of prodigious bulk, and remarkable for nothing so much as stupidity and meanness, he wrote the following:

Three feet beneath this tomb-stone lies

A BODY of gigantic size:—

From nature, nature's self had stol'd;

So—gave him but a *pigmy soul*:

Tho' men despis'd him, death, still craving,

Thought this *big little thing* worth having;

But whether gone to heav'n or hell,

No mortal cares—nor can I tell!

THE witty and extravagant duke of Buckingham in king Charles II.'s time, complaining to Sir John Cutler, a rich miser, of the disorder of his affairs, asked him what he should do to prevent the ruin of his estate? *Live as I do, my lord*, said Sir John. *That I can do*, answered the duke, *when I am ruined*.

ANOTHER time, a person who had been a dependent on his grace, begged his interest for him at court; and to press the thing more home upon the duke, said, *He had no body to depend upon but God and his grace*. *Then*, said the duke, *You are in a miserable way; for you could not have pitch'd upon any two who have less interest at court*.

A LADY being asked how she liked a gentleman's singing, who had a very stinking breath: *the words are good*, said she, *but the air is intolerable*.

WHEN Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen, and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a speech, that he might observe how it would be heard; the fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. No matter, said the knight, speak any thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard, fays the fellow, we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money; pray, sir, when do you intend to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come done, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't admire your subje^ct.

MICHAEL Angelo, in his picture of the last judgment, in the pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell, that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that every body knew it at first sight. Whereupon the cardinal complaining to the pope of the affront, and desiring it might be defaced: *You know very well, said the pope, I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.*

Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire hostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow they would prove him to be a *horse*, or an *ass*. - Well, said the hostler, I can prove your saddle to be a *mule*. A *mule*, cried one of them, how can that be? *Because*, said the hostler, *it is something between a horse and an ass.*

A GENTLEMAN coming to an inn in Smith-

field, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked him how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was? *I se Yerkshire*, said the fellow, *an ha lived sixteen years here.* *I wonder*, replied the gentleman, *that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself.* *Aye*, answered the hostler, *but maister's Yerkshire too.*

QUIN, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him, and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited upon his lordship: but found the regale far from answering his expectation. Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall: Quin, finding that if he gave to each of them it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, 'which was the cook;' who readily answered, 'Me, sir.' He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, *Here's half a crown for my eating*, and to the other, *Here's five shillings for my wine; but by G--d, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the highlands of Scotland on horseback, was overtaken on the road by a violent storm, and obliged to put into an old woman's hovel, who sold tobacco and small beer, for shelter: among other things, he asked her if she did not wish to be in heaven; ah! quoth she, it is nae for sic poor folk as I to have such vain thoughts; troth, sir, I shall be ee'n very weel content, gen I can get a wee corner in hell to keep my shop in.

LORD Ross of Ireland sold a gentleman a horse for a good round sum, which he took upon his lord-

ship's word, that he had no fault. About three weeks after, he meets my lord; why, your lordship told me, says he, that your horse had no fault, and he is blind of an eye; well, sir, says my lord; that's no fault, 'tis only his misfortune.

A GREAT crowd being gathered about a poor cobler, who had just died in the street, a man asked another what was to be seen? only a cobler's end, replied he.

A COCKNEY being sent to see what it was o' clock by St. Paul's clock, returned, and told his master it was *fourteen o' clock!* says his master; what do you mean, you stupid dog? indeed, sir, answered he, it is true; for by St. George, St. Paul's clock struck *seven*, and the pastry-cook's just by struck *seven more*, and I'm sure, master, that *seven and seven makes fourteen*.

A PROUD parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? the same, said the shepherd, that cloathed you, the parish. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd, if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. Why, are you going away then? said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, that his living won't maintain three of us.

A MAN and his wife being a fighting, a gentleman attempting to part them, was cut into the skull; saysthe surgeon, sir, one may see your brains;

nay, then I'll be hang'd, said he, if I had had any brains, I had never come there.

ONE, who had always been very jocose in his life-time, when he lay on his death-bed, his clerk came and desired he would leave him a legacy: here, said he, giving him a key, *in such a drawer there is what will make you drink.* Not many hours after, he died, and the youth greedily opening the drawer, found accordingly *two red her-rings.*

A GENTLEMAN being asked by a neighbour *how he did? Do, sir, said he; why I think I do ver-ry well; but truly I cannot get my wife to think so.*

A SCOTCH bagpiper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood-fide, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace, than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone; at length, he took up his bagpipes, and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. *The deel saw me, said Sawney, an I had kenn'd you lov'd music so, ye shou'd have had it before dinner.*

A FELLOW hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and there-upon lifted. When he return'd, his friends asked what exploits he did there? He answer'd, *that he cut off one of the enemy's legs; and being told it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head, Oh! says he, you must know his head was cut off before.*

A FELLOW standing in the pillory near Temple-bar, occasioned a great stop, so that a carman, with a load of cheese, had much ado to get along; and driving just up to the pillory, ask'd what was

wrote over the criminal's head? They told him, it was a paper to signify his crime, and that he stood there for *Forgery*. Ah! continued he, and what is *forgery*? they answered, that *forgery* was counterfeiting another's hand with intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking up at the offender; *Oh! pox on ye, this comes of your writing and reading, you silly dog!*

Two country attorneys, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to crack a joke on him, ask'd why his fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean; the waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answer'd, *That his fore-horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.*

SOME unlucky Westminster scholars, under Dr. Busby, besmear'd the stairs leading to school with something that shall be nameless: the doctor, as was design'd, foul'd his fingers very much with it; which so enraged him, that he cried out, he would give any boy half a crown, to discover who had a hand in it. An arch boy immediately told him, for that reward he wou'd let him know who had a hand in it. Well, said the doctor, I'll certainly give you the half crown, if you tell me the truth. *Why, then, sir, answer'd the boy, you had a hand in it, look at your fingers else.*

AN ingenious young gentleman, of Oxford, was appointed to preach at St. Mary's, before the vice-chancellor and the heads of the university. Having often observed the drowsiness of the vice-chancellor, he took for his text, *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* and at the end of every division, he repeated those words, which, by reason the vice-chancellor sat near the pulpit, often awak'd him. This was highly applauded by the wits, and at length

became the talk of the university, and nettled the vice-chancellor to such a degree, that he complained of it to the archbishop of Canterbury; who, willing to redress him, sent for the preacher up to London, to make his defence against the crime laid to his charge. On his examination, he gave so many instances of his extraordinary wit, that the archbishop enjoined him to preach before king James; to which, after some excuses, he agreed. Coming up into the pulpit, he begins; *James the first and sixth, waver not;* meaning the first king of England, and sixth of Scotland. The king at first seem'd amaz'd at the text, but in the end, was well pleased with the sermon; and made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. After his advancement, the archbishop sent him back to Oxford, to make his recantation to the vice-chancellor, and take leave of the university, which he did accordingly, and took the latter part of the verse of his former text; namely, *sleep on now, and take your rest.* In the conclusion of his sermon, he made his apology to the vice-chancellor, saying, *whereas I said before,* which gave offence, *what! can't you watch one hour?* I now say, *sleep on and take your rest;* and so left the university.

A SCOTS member of great wit and humour, coming one morning to the duke of Argyle; at the time of the great opposition between him and Sir Robert; told his grace that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the duke. *Be me troth,* quoth he, *what I have to tell ye, is very baw'd on oor side.* Prithee, quoth the duke, don't keep me in suspence; what is it? *Does your grace ken that Wallie is bout over?* that's impossible, says the duke, for a scawn-

cher man does not live, than honest Wallie; but why d'ye think so? *Why, and please your grace, I saw t'other morn a three pound twelve in his hand; and I'm sure Wallie ne'er brout that out of his awn country.*

A DIGNIFIED clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, John, says the doctor, from whence come you? From your house, says Mr. Soot; for this morning I have swept all your chimnies. How many were there, says the doctor? no less than twenty, quoth John. Well, and how much a chimney have you: only a shilling a-piece, sir. Why then, quoth the doctor, you have earned a great deal of money in a little time. Yes, yes, sir, says John, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, we black coats get our money easy enough.

A YOUNG student, shewing the Museum at Oxford to a set of gentlemen and ladies, among other things produc'd a rusty sword: this, says he, gentlemen, is the sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass. Upon which, one of the company replied, that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wish'd for one. You are right, says the student, and this is the very sword he wish'd for.

ONE of the rebels having escaped out of the tower in the year fifteen, a gentleman, frightened out of his senses, ran to king George I. to acquaint him of this news; and begged his majesty would tell him what he could do in this case. Really, sir, says the king, for your part, I don't know what you can do; but, for the prisoner's part, I think he cou'd not have done better.

A REGIMENT of horse in king William's time,

being quarter'd at Canterbury, and the archbishop being then there, he invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner. One of the cornets being obliged to keep guard that day, and lamenting his misfortune, that he could not have the honour to dine with the bishop, bethought himself of this stratagem: he knew that one of his brother cornets was gone out of town, and would not return till evening; he determined therefore to wait for him at his lodgings, and frighten him by a false message from the bishop. Accordingly, when his comrade arrived, he addressed him thus: Tom, I believe I shall surprize you. Why, says Tom, what the dee'l is the matter? no great matter, says his comrade, only the bishop has sent for all the officers to hear them their catechism. The devil he has, quoth Tom! then I am ruin'd horse and foot, for as I am a sinner, I can't say three lines. Never be troubled about that, says his comrade, I can say mine every word; and if you'll mount guard for me to morrow, I'll go in your place. With all my heart, says Tom, and thank you to boot; so the next day, they all, except Tom, din'd with the bishop: his lordship, being a very polite man, told the colonel, that he hoped all his officers were there; for he intended it as a general invitation. The colonel told him they were all there, except one young gentleman, who was oblig'd to mount guard. The bishop took no notice of it then, but the next day sent his servant to the absent gentleman, to desire his company by himself: Tom had no sooner receiv'd the message, than he ran frightened out of his senses to his comrade, to make his complaint: ah! my friend, says Tom, 'tis all in vain; I must go at last, the bishop has sent for me.

Never mind it, says his comrade, you'll do very well; he did not ask us above one question or two. Tom being thus prepared, went to the bishop's, where he was introduced into a parlour; at length his lordship came in: sir, says the bishop, I am sorry I could not have the pleasure of your company yesterday; may I crave your name, says the bishop? Thomas, my lord, replied the cornet. What countryman, says the bishop? my godfathers and godmothers, replied the cornet. Says the bishop, I don't mean to catechise you, and thus the cheat was discovered.

My friend Tom Tickle is peculiarly odd in his manner of drawing characters: I remember, he once while I was with him, sent his servant to a gentleman, who is remarkable for being always in a hurry, with a message of great importance; but the servant returned, and told his master, that the gentleman was in so great a hurry, he could not speak to him. *'Tis no more than what I expected,* says Tom, *for he loses an hour in the morning, and runs after it all day.*

AN old woman, who was famous for selling ale at Oxford, and to whose house there resorted many of the scholars, several of them remarked, that they never saw their landlady at church; they insisted, that if she valued their custom, and hoped to have the continuation of it for the future, that on the succeeding and every Sunday following, she should constantly be there. She, like a woman, who valued her interest more than her religion, told them, that she wou'd be very willing to comply with their requests. Accordingly when Sunday came, she arrayed herself in her best apparel, and taking her ancient clasp bible, proceeded in great form to church:

but being unuse'd to the place, in sermon-time she fell fast a sleep, and unluckily let her bible fall, which making a great noise, awakened her. She had forgot where she was, and thinking she was at home, and that her maids had done some mischief, start'd up in a great passion, with the following exclamation: so you slut, there's another jug broke, is there?

WHEN Moliere, the great comic poet of France, died, the archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground: the king being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding him unwilling to comply, ask'd how many feet deep the holy ground reach'd? the bishop answered, about eight. Well, replied the king, *I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let them bury him there.*

A GENTLEMAN riding over Salisbury plain, when it rained very hard, set up a gallop, and pass'd by another whose horse stood still; a little surprised at this sight, he ask'd the reason of it, *sounds, says the other, who the dee'l but a fool wou'd ride in all this wet.*

A CITIZEN invited some of his neighbours to a feast, his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman, accidentally spilt it on his hand; and for his carelessness his father took him a box on the ear. The son having recover'd himself, gave the next man a good box. Being asked the reason, said, *come, come, let it go round, 'twill come to my father anon, for I dare not strike him myself.*

A GENTLEMAN, who was very morose and ill-natured at home in his family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, insomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went; which occasioned a lady, once at a merry meeting where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well, *Surely, if that gentleman's married, his wife must be extremely happy; for he is quite the Fiddle of the company;* *Very true, madam, says the gentleman, but he always hangs his fiddle up at the door, when he goes home.*

SOME soldiers, quartered in a country town, meeting a farmer on the road, a little way out of town, in a dark night, robbed him of his great coat and money. The farmer went immediately to one of the captains of the regiment, to make complaint. *Honest friend, says the captain, when the soldiers robbed you, had you that coat in which you have now?* *Yes, Sir, answered the poor man: Why then, replied the captain, you may depend on't that they do not belong to my company, for they would not have left that, nor even your shirt.*

A CERTAIN soldier, who was seized with a panic fear, came running to Leonidas, and said to him, *The enemy, O Leonidas, are upon us; then we certainly are upon them, replied Leonidas.* To another soldier, who told him, *The enemy were so numerous, that the darts obscured the sun: So much the better, says he, for then we shall have the pleasure of fighting in the shade.*

As the late king of France was passing over the Pont-neuf at Paris, on a winter's day, he saw a Gascon very thinly clad, looking into the water; and riding up to him, asked him if he was not cold? Upon which the Gascon answered, *No, and please*

your majestys; and if you'd do as I do you would not be cold neither. How is that? says the king: Why, wear all your cloaths at once, replied the Gascoone.

A FRENCH Marquis, being one day at dinner at Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions; particularly the *Ruffle*, which, he said, was *de fine ornament to de hand; and had been followed by de oder nations.* Roger allowed what he said, but observed at the same time, *that the English, according to custom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, by adding a shirt to it.*

AN English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the reason his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? Faith, says the Knight, I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.

A GENTLEMAN, speaking of Peggy Yates, the famous courtezan, who had always abundance of fine cloaths, said, *she was like a squirrel, for she covered her back with her tail.*

A SOLDIER was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, said, *he had best take heed the next time he ran away, how he looked back.*

A YOUNG gentlewoman, married to a very wild spark, who had made away with a plentiful estate, and was reduced to some freights, said very innocently to him one day, My dear, I want some shifts sadly. Zounds, Madam, replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every day.*

SOME men and their wives, who all lived on the

same side of a street, being merry-making at a neighbour's house; said one of the husbands, it is reported that all the men in our row are cuckolds, but one. Soon after, his wife being thoughtful, what makes you sad, my dear? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said? No, said she, I'm only considering who that can be.

A WOMAN prosecuted a gentleman for a rape; upon tryal the judge asked her, if she made any resistance? I cried out, and please your worship, said the woman. Ay, said one of the witnesses, *but that was nine months after.*

A NOBLE duke, who stammered so much, that he was obliged to have a servant stand by him to repeat what he said, asked a clergyman at his table, by way of joke, if he knew what was the reason that Balaam's ass spoke? The clergyman not understanding him, the servant repeated what his grace had said; to which the parson pleasantly answered, that Balaam stuttered, and his ass spoke for him.

THE same noble duke asked a clergyman once at the bottom of his table, why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson? Really, said he, I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future, without thinking upon your lordship.

A COUNTRYMAN sowing his field, and two smart fellows riding by, one of them called to him with an insolent air; Well, honest countryman, it is your busines to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing hemp.*

THE dutches of Newcastle, who wrote plays and romances in king Charles II's time, asked Bishop Wilkins, How she could get up to the world in the

moon which he had discovered? for as the journey must needs be very long, there would be no possibility of going through, without baiting by the way. Oh! Madam, said the Bishop, *your grace has built so many castles in the air, you cannot want a place to bait at.*

BEN Johnson, being one night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all their discourse with an account of his lands and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear with it any longer, said, What signifies your dirt and clods to us? where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit. Have you so? replied the countryman, good Mr. Wifearc? This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben mute for some time; why, how now, Ben? says one of the company, you seem to be quite stung? *Why, I never was so pricked by a hobnail before,* replied he.

A LAWYER and physician, having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in these terms; *Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow.*

A MERCHANT-SHIP being severely tossed in a storm, and all the crew despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayers, except one mariner, who was all the while wishing to see two stars; Oh! said he, that I could but see two stars, or but one of them. He made so frequent repetition of these words, as to disturb the meditation of the rest; at length, one of the crew asked him, what two stars, or what one star he meant? To whom he replied, *Oh! that I could see the star in Cheapside, or that in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

A GENTLEMAN went one wet cold night into

an inn, in Oxford; as firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so surrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this, he called for the ostler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry to his horse. *Oysters for your horse!* says the fellow, grinning: *What, shells and all!* *Aye aye,* replied the gentleman, *carry them to him unopened.* The fellow fetched the oysters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and asked whether they were really to be carried to his horse: *For,* says he, *I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life. No matter for that,* replied the gentleman, *carry them to him.* Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney corner, which was what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. *Why, Sir,* says he, *I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil o' one of them will your horse touch. Like enough,* replied the gentleman; *why then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them.*

WHEN the Duke's army marched towards Edinburgh, in 1745, some of the troops being quartered at an inn in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the host expressed a great veneration for the military; saying, he thought them the only bulwarks of the nation, and he particularly expressed his regard to one corporal, to whom he gave an invitation to his house, and begged, upon his return, he would come and fix his laurels for a week at his house;

saying, amongst other civil things, that the soldiers were the *pillars* of the state. Some time after, the corporal having a little spare time upon his hands, and being in that part of the country, he paid a visit to his former host, when he met with a very cold reception. The corporal, who was not a little nettled at his landlord's behaviour, reminded him, that he should not have troubled him upon this occasion, had he not been so urgently pressed the last time he was that way, and had not his host been so particularly civil to the military, as to say he looked upon them as the *pillars* of the nation. *That is very true*, replied the host; *but then I meant the caterpillars of the nation.*

QUIN the player, famous for his repartees, dined in the country with a certain great duke, who made an apology for treating his guests only with port wine, because his butler had lost the key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into the garden to shew them an ostrich; and, among other strange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digest iron. Then, my lord, says Quin, I suppose it was he that *swallowed the key of your grace's cellar.*

MISS —, whose character has been made a little free with, being at a public place, tript and fell upon her back; but recovering herself immediately, some of the company observed with what agility she sprung up, and how little confusion she was in; to which a gentleman only answered this, *Practice makes perfect.*

A CLERGYMAN of a facetious turn of mind, who lived in Sussex, a coast on which shipwrecks have frequently happened; and where, upon such occasions, the inhabitants, instead of assisting the

unfortunate in their distress, used to plunder all they could lay hands on, and treat the people ill; and were so keen at the news of a wreck, that they would leave all manner of business to plunder. A misfortune of this kind happening one Sunday, during the time of divine service, the alarm was given, *A wreck! a wreck!* upon which they began to scamper out with great precipitation; which our parson perceiving, opened the pulpit door, and walking down the stairs, called out at the same time, with a loud voice, *Brethren, let me intreat you to hear five words more.* They turned about with impatient attention, to hear what the preacher had to say; who making hastily up to them, said, Let us all start fair: which odd behaviour had the desired effect; as he meant only to go with them, in order to prevent their abusing the ship's crew, which often happened.

ON Mr. Garrick's playing Romeo, and Mr. Barry's being at Covent-garden, who always play'd the part at Drury-lane before; when Juliet in the garden scene cried, *Oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?* a fellow from the upper gallery hauled out, *Because Barry's gone to the other house, by G—d.*

ON the death of the late glorious king William, and the accession of queen Anne to the throne of these realms, a young clergyman, whose talents were purely evangelic, asked a friend what alterations were necessary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon that occasion? His friend answered, no other than that where he said king before, he must then say queen; and where he said lord, he must say lady: our Levite went away well edified by his friend's instructions, as you shall hear;

for, the next Sunday, when he was reading divine service, and came to this prayer, Almighty king of kings, and lord of lords, he, with an audible voice, began, *Ahmighty queen of queens, and lady of ladies.*

THE same hopeful parson used to be very prolix in his sermons, which many of his congregation complained of; among the rest his mother once took him to task about it; upon which he told her, that he did not know when to leave off. Well then, my dear, said she, take notice of me, and I will, when I think your sermon has been long enough, put my finger up to my nose, after which you must take the first opportunity to conclude.

Accordingly, the next sermon day, his mother was in her seat at church, which stood just opposite the pulpit, from whence her son had a full view of her, and watched for the signal; this she unfortunately gave, just as he was telling his hearers, what virtues were necessary for them to practice: and that if they failed to do them, they would certainly be damned, which, says he, (in consequence of his mother's sign) *That you may all be, God of his infinite mercy grant.*

A SCHOOL-MASTER being very angry one day with one of his young scholars, for writing his name upon the wainscot, was going to whip him; but the boy begging earnestly, the master said, He's a fool, and ever shall, that writes his name upon a *Wall*; sirrah, what say you to that? To which the lad made answer, He's a fool, and ever shall, that takes a *Wainscot* for a *Wall*.

A SCHOLAR riding along the road, upon a pityful tir'd jade, by chance a post came riding that way, as he lay digging with his spurs to make way, but he stirred not; says the gentleman to him, do

not you see, Sir, I ride post, and do not you see, says the scholar, that *I ride upon a post?*

A DRUNKEN fellow was brought before a justice, and what question soever the justice asked him, he still said, *Your worship's wife.* Then he committed him till the next day; then sent for him again, and told him of his idle talking yesterday. Why, what did I say? Why, whatsoever I said to you, you still said, *Your worship's wife,* that I thought thou wert mad. Truly, says he, *if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.*

A COUNTRYMAN that lived at London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, If he saw Whitehall? No, says he; nor the Tower? says the other. No, says he; strange, said the other, what could be the reason of it? Why, truly, says he, *the keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.*

A DOCTOR in Oxford, at his own charges, was mending the causeway; and a nobleman riding by, said, How now, doctor! I see you are mending the highway, but it is not the highway to heaven. No, my lord, says he, if it were, I should have wondered to have seen *you come this way.*

LORD B—, on transacting his admission to a night's lodging with the celebrated Mrs. C—, who kept some years ago a coffee-house in —, and whose stated price was fifty pounds, gave her a banker's note for the sum, with which, upon looking into it, and seeing the amount fairly specified, she was contented. That she might then do things with some conscience, she threw into the bargain an elegant supper. But when she came to make use of her note, she found that forty-eight pounds were discounted by a receipt on the back of

it, which had escaped her observation. This was a case of Turk *contra* Arab.

A YOUNG man who had just come out of a salivation, being met by a friend, who asked him, why he looked so pale and wan, answered, it was owing to his having visited the sick.

LADY T----, saying to her husband, that she was sure, if she died, rather than live single, he would marry, though it were the Devil's daughter; No, said he, *Madam*, bowing respectfully, *I should not chuse to marry twice into the same family.*

THE custom of a felon's holding up his hand at the bar of justice is derived from the Druids, who made use of that ceremony as the symbol of their integrity and good faith, and an attestation of the truth of their plea.

A FRENCH author gives the following reason why men of wit are so often the dupes of fools. Those, says he, who pique themselves upon wit, throw it all into their conversation and writings, without reserving any for their conduct; whereas fools throw all the little they have into their conduct, by which means they are an overmatch for the *Wits*.

IT was said of a woman of the town, by a rake who knew her, and saw her in a prison, that she had now seen the four ages: the golden one, when her favours would procure her a guinea; the silver one, when they came down to half a crown; the brazen one, when she was not beneath accepting copper; and at length the iron one, now she was reduced to look through a prison window.

A YOUNG gentleman from the university, on paying a visit to a lady, a relation of his in the country, found her in great affliction for the loss of a

diamond ring of considerable value. She was positive that some of the servants must have got it, but to whom to lay it she did not know. The young gentleman, on hearing the circumstances, undertook the recovery of it, provided the lady would humour the stratagem he proposed to make use of. She readily consented. At dinner, therefore, the discourse turning upon the loss, the scholar boasted so much of his skill in the black-art, that she, as they had previously agreed, desired him to exert it for the discovery of the person who had stolen her ring. He promised her he would; and after dinner, ordered a white cock to be got (no other colour would do) and a kettle to be placed on a table in the hall. The cock he told them was to be put under the kettle; and all the servants, one after another, were to touch it, and that as soon as the guilty person should lay his hand upon it, the cock would crow three times. Every thing being thus prepared with the greatest solemnity, the young gentleman began the scene. The hall was darkened, and the procession began. As soon as they had every one declared that they had fulfilled the direction and touched the cock, the light was restored, and the gentleman examined every one of their hands, and found them all smutted, except one, who had taken care not to touch the kettle, and was beginning to hug himself for having outwitted the conjurer. Upon this circumstance, the gentleman charged him closely with the theft: he could not deny it, and on his knees asked pardon; which the lady, upon his restoring the ring, granted him.

A GENTLEMAN of distinction being introduced to the Bishop of Wirtemberg, when he was at table with his court, the Bishop said to him, you see

me here with my flock about me. The gentleman, who observed large glasses moving briskly about in the German way, answered, Yes, my lord, and if you do not feed your flock well, you at least take care it shall drink well.

A COXCOMB was bent upon reading a copy of verses to a friend of his at a tavern, the other, after undergoing the persecution of hearing the cold wretched stuff, took the paper out of his hand, and gravely twisting it, held it to the candle, in order to light his pipe with it: Zounds, said the poet, what are you doing with my verses? *Only*, replied his friend, *giving them fire, which they very much want.*

LIBERTY has in all countries her votaries. Augustus, king of Poland, returning from his electorate of Saxony into that kingdom, and passing within half a mile of Gornitz, one of his frontier-towns, his postillion, to avoid a bad piece of road, was going to drive over the plowed ground of a farmer, who perceiving it, boldly seized the reins of the fore-horse, and threatened to cut the spokes of the wheels with a strong-ax, with which he was armed, if the coach did not return into the high-road; upon this two guards of his Polish majesty came up, and were going to chastise the farmer, when the king, after inquiring into the cause of the dispute, forbade the least violence to be offered to the peasant, commended his resolution, and having made him a present of some money, ordered the postillion to take the usual road, saying, That a king had no more right than the meanest of his subjects to wrong any one, in breach of the laws that protected both king and subject.

ONE telling Tasso the poet, that an enemy of

his abused him every where; it is better, said Tasso, he should speak ill of me to all the world, than all the world speak ill of me to him.

CHARLES V. who was remarkable for his acquaintance with all ranks of life, upon a visit to the dominican cloisters in Vienna, overtook a country farmer carrying a pig to market, the squeaking of which was very disagreeable to him; at length not able to endure it, he said to the farmer, Friend, cannot you silence your pig? The fellow ingenuously confessed he did not know how: then says the emperor, hold it by the tail, and you will find it will squeak no longer. The fellow did so, and it had the proposed effect: upon which the farmer looking archly upon the emperor, said, *Whoever you are, it is plain you have learnt this trade better than I have.*

A GENTLEMAN telling a friend of his that he wondered he did not lay up money, when to his knowledge he had eight hundred a-year, and did not appear to spend above two; your surprize, said the other, will cease, when you know how my estate goes. I employ two hundred in paying what I owe, I lend two hundred, I spend two hundred, and I lose two hundred. The two hundred I pay, are what I allow my father and mother, who are poor; the two hundred I lend, are laid out in the education of my children, who I hope will return it me; the two hundred I spend are in necessaries for my family; and the two hundred I lose, are consumed by my wife in drefs and pleasure.

DR. SWIFT being one day at a visitation-dinner, a clergyman, who valued himself more upon his wit than he ought, and often mistook a rough kind of abuse for keen raillery, took it into his head to exer-

cise his talents upon the Dean, and did so very licentiously. The Dean heard him as calmly as if he had not heard him; not taking the least notice, nor making any kind of answer to any thing that he said. At length the Bishop interposed, and checked the petulance of the Snarl (for that was the name he was known by). The Dean immediately got up, and begged that no restraint might be laid upon the gentleman; *Momus, my lord, was always admitted to the feasts of the Gods, and privileged to say what he pleased there.*

LORD Faulkland was much distinguished by his extraordinary parts and heroic spirit: he was elected very young a member of the House of Commons; his admission into which was opposed by some of the old members, who said, *he had not yet sown his wild oats.* Upon which my lord replied, *It would be the best way then to sow them in the house, where there were so many geese to pick them up.*

SOON after the Earl of Ch——d came into the Privy-council, a place of great trust happened to become vacant, to which his majesty and the Duke of Dorset recommended two very different persons. His majesty espoused the interest of his friend with some heat, and told them, *he would be obeyed;* but not being able to succeed, he left the Council-chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he retired, the matter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried against the king: however, in the humour his majesty was then in, a question arose, who should carry the grant of the office for his majesty to sign; and the lot fell on Lord Ch——d. His lordship expecting to find his majesty in a very unfavourable mood, (as it accordingly happened) pru-

dently forbore to incense him by an abrupt request, and instead of bluntly asking him to sign the instrument, very submissively asked *whose name* his majesty would be pleased to have inserted, to fill up the blanks. The king answered, in a passion, *the Devil's if you will. Very well*, replied his lordship; *but would your majesty have the instrument run in the usual style, "Our truly and well-beloved Cousin and Counsellor?"* The king laughed, and with all the good nature in the world set his name to the paper, though to promote a person not very acceptable to himself.

A SMART fellow crossing a late king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn: *Pray, Sir, says he, do not knight me before my elder brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother:* which turned the king's fury into a fit of laughter.

A GENTLEMAN going to take water at White-hall-stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, *Who can swim?* I, master, said forty bawling mouths; when the gentleman observing one slinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about, said, *Sir, I cannot swim;* then you are my man, said the gentleman, for you will at least take care of me for your own sake.

AN honest bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him, that he was better fed than taught. *Very true, indeed,* replied the farmer, *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A FRENCHMAN, who spoke very bad English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her *bitch*, but could not recollect the name; at last he thought he had done it, by saying, *Begars,*

my deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife. Aye, that's true enough, answered the woman, *the more's my misfortune.*

A POOR, but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words, *Have patience with me, and I will pay you all.* He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, *Have patience,* secondly, *and I will pay you all;* he then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most Christian virtue, *Patience;* after which, *and now,* says he, *having done with my first head, viz, have patience, I come to my second and last general head, which is,* and I will pay you all;—but that I must defer to another opportunity. Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

PATRICK M'Blunder, a poor fellow from the north of Ireland, came into England to seek a service; and after having staid here some considerable time, resolved to revisit his own country. It happened one day, that meeting with an old acquaintance, he took him to a public-house to treat him

with something to drink; and after much conversation between them concerning the wonders which Patrick had seen in England, he called for change for a guinea, which very much surprized his companion; (for guineas are very strange things in the north of Ireland). At length recovering from his fright, he calls out, Arrah, my dear Paddy, vat ish dat you have got? Isht a raaal guinea now? Yes, replied Patrick, it is a good guinea, and I have several more at home, honey. And where did you get them, joy? Why, in England, says Patrick. In England! And are there any more of 'em dere, now? By my shoul, replies Patrick, but they are so plenty, dat a man cannot receive forty or fifty shillings, but he is obliged to take ten or dozen of them.

A FACETIOUS canon of Windsor, taking his evening-walk as usual into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port; So, says the canon, from whence come you? I don't know, Mr. Canon, replies the vicar; *I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few friends.* Ay, and now, says the canon, *you are reeling it home.*

ONE Mr. Man, master of a ship called the Moon, used to lie with a gentlewoman, and her husband taxed her with another gentleman; she swore she knew him no more than she did the *Man in the Moon.*

A YOUNG man married a peevish woman, who was not content with her husband's kind usage, but complained to her father still, which tired him quite out. A little after, her husband, to break her humour, struck her, and she ran to her father. He, willing to reform her, lac'd her sides well with a

holly-crap, saying, Command me to thy husband, and tell him I am now even with him; for *I have cudgelled his wife, as well as he has beat my daughter.*

SIR Thomas Moor had many daughters, but no son, so that his wife did often wish for a boy; which at last she had, but he was very simple: ah, wife, says he, thou hast often wished for a boy, and now thou hast one, and he will never be any thing else but a boy.

A GENTLEMAN riding, had a dog named Cuckold, who ran after a proud bitch into an entry. He then cried out, Cuckold, Cuckold: The woman came out and told him he was a rogue to call her husband Cuckold: No, says he, I call not him, but my dog: The more knave you, says she, *to call a dog by a Christian body's name.*

A LAWYER's man asked him what was the strongest point in law? He told him, good and sufficient witness: for which advice his man was to pay for his charges that night; so he bespoke good cheer purposely, and left his man in the morning to pay the reckoning: but the man left his master's cloak for the reckoning. That day it began to rain, and his master called for his cloak: Sir, says he, I have left it for the reckoning. Why, sirrah, says he, were you not to pay it, by our last agreement? True, Sir, says he, I do confess it between us two: but where is your *good and sufficient witness to carry it?*

A RICH bishop's steward told his lord, that his servants were too many, and that his estate would not hold out. Well, says he, give me a note of all that are necessary, and all that are superfluous: which when he had read, Well, says he, let the first

remain, because I have need of them; and the rest shall stay, because they need me.

IN a country town, a complaint was made to the justice, that the drink was made too strong: after they had sat two days about it, they ordered that small beer should be brewed: which a mad fellow hearing, came and asked them, whether they had sat two days about the brewing of small drink? They said, yes. Why then, says he, you may sit three days more to know who will drink it, for I'll drink none of it.

SOME tylers working on the top of a house, one by chance dropt down through the rafters: Says one, I like such a fellow dearly, for *he is one that goes through his work.*

A FAT man riding upon a lean horse, was asked, Why he was so fat, and the horse so lean? said, *Because I look to myself, and my man to my horse.*

A MAN, on his death-bed, bequeathed all he had to his three sons: to the first he gave all his land, for he said he had been very dutiful; but he said, he hoped his father would live to enjoy it all himself; to the second he gave all his money and goods, for he had been dutiful also; and he wished his father might live and enjoy it all himself: and to the third he said, thou hast been a villain, a rogue, and a vagabond; I first give to thee the benefit of the stocks, to keep both thy legs warm; and next, Bridewell, where thou shalt dine upon free cost with Mr. Lashington every day, and then I bestow the gallows upon thee at last. Truly, father, says he, I thank you, and *I hope you'll live to enjoy them all yourself.*

ONE asked a painter how he drew such excellent pictures, seeing he got such ugly children? Faith,

says he, it is because I make the one in the night, the other in the day.

A GENTLEMAN dying, says a Jesuit, Sir, I hope you will give to our convent such a ground, and such a field, and such a manor. Yes, says he: but his son and heir standing by, fearing all would be given from him, (for the priest said, the last will of the dead must be obeyed) said, father, shall I break the Jesuit's neck down stairs? Yes, says he, *for the last will of the dead must be obeyed*; and so he presently threw him down stairs.

A GENTLEMAN, suspected to be a Roman-Catholic, was convened before a justice of peace, who bid him call the Pope knave: Sir, said he, should I call him knave I never saw? But if I knew him *as well as I do your worship*, I'd call him so a thousand times.

A FELLOW came into an inn, and called for six loaves, then for six cans of beer; and for each can he gave them a loaf. He asked, what's to pay? They said, sixpence. For what? For beer, replied they. Why, had you not bread for your beer? Why then, for bread, said they: *Why, you had your bread again.*

ONE at confession told his ghostly father, that his chiefest sin was, that the last Lent he threw into the Jakes a gammon of bacon which a friend sent him, which he durst not eat, being Lent-time. The fryer told him he did ill, he should rather have given it to the poor, or eat it himself. Truly, father, says he, I thought so; *for I first eat it, and then sent it into the Jakes.*

A TRAVELLER in a cold night coming to a kitchen-fire, stood so near, that he burnt his boots; which the turn-spit boy seeing, said, Sir, you'll burn

your spurs presently. My boots thou meanest, boy. No, Sir, says he, *they are burnt already.*

SOME women resolved to abuse two fryers, for they laid a hog under the table, saying, it was the woman's dead husband, and they were to sing a dirge for his soul; during the service, the women tittered and laughed; which one of the fryers spying, whilst they went into the next room to laugh out, the fryers took up the cloth, saw the hog, and that they were abused, took him up, and carried him quite away: which the women seeing, called after them; but they said, *It was a brother of theirs, and must be buried in their convent.*

ONE who was but poor in cloaths, but of a haughty mind, was boasting of his gentility, and from what a noble house he was descended: which one over-hearing, and being wearied with his babbling, said, what a noise is here with your gentility and nobility! when I can make it appear, our miller's horse is the better gentleman of the two; *for you shall never see him go abroad without a man to wait upon him.*

ONE passing by a fellow that was deformed, but in derision, began to praise his arms, legs, face, and other parts of his body, which the fellow well perceiving, and knowing himself abused, said, that he had one property more, which the other had taken no notice of; and being demanded what it was, looking over his shoulder upon the other, he said, *This, Sir, is my property, I have a wall-eye in my head, with which I never look over my shoulder but I spy a knave.*

A KNIGHT in Warwickshire, that was very hospitable, especially at Christmas, when he always invited all his tenants to dinner; which said knight

had always a jackanapes tied at his parlour-door, and as the country women came in, he would snatch at their petticoats, and then grin in their faces; which a discreet woman observing, asked what it was? She was told, he was a jackanapes: with that, as she came by the parlour-door, she makes him a low court'sie, and says, By your leave, good Mr. Jan-anapes: with that, he plucked and grinned at her more than all the rest: Fie, fie, says she, you don't do well, truly, Sir, to grin and jeer at an honest woman, whose husband has paid scot and lot in the parish these twenty years, and I am sure *I am old enough to be your mother*; indeed you are to blame.

A NOELEMAN of this kingdom, who was often put into the tower by the Rump, and Oliver, for his loyalty to the king, was followed by a cripple (who was a cavalier also) who begged earnestly of him; for, my lord, says he, you know that you and I have been in all the prisons in London. Out! you lying rogue! says he, I never was in any prison but the Tower. Yes, says he, and *I have been in all the rest*.

A NOTORIOUS thief, in Wales, was brought to be tried for his life, and the judge had a great mind to hang him; and upon examination, he confessed he did the robbery. Now, says the judge, you of the jury, pray take notice he hath confessed it, you need no other evidence. A little after, they brought him in Not Guilty. Then the judge bid them go back again, and still they brought Not Guilty; and so they did three times. The judge asked them the reason; the foreman told him, they had reason enough for what they did; for, says he, we all know him very well to be one of the arrant-

est liars in the world, and not to be believed in whatsoever he says.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth, in her progress thro' the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor, attended by the aldermen, addressed her majesty in rhyme, in the following words:

We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your royal majesty:
Good Lord! how fair you be!

To which her majesty returned the following gracious answer:

My royal majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry:
Good Lord! what fools you be!

IN a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen paid the aforesaid city another visit: Mr. Mayor, on her majesty's departure, among other particulars said, When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, e-gad, *he took the wrong sow by the ear*. The Queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the Queen as far as the gallows, which stood about a mile out of the town.

THE council-chamber of the same corporation having occasion to be beautified, the Mayor for the time being, which was soon after the accession of King George I. undertook to superintend the workmen employed in that business. As is usual, an inscription was put up, after the whole was completed, mentioning the year, &c. in which the room was ornamented; but the wise Mayor perceiving the words *Anno Domini*, immediately sent

for and abused the painter for committing such a gross blunder as putting *Anno Domini*; when, says he, don't you know that Queen Anne is dead, and therefore it should be *Georgio Domini*.

SOON after King James I. came to the throne of England, he took it into his head one day to go and hear causes in Westminster-hall, to shew his wisdom and learning, of which he had no mean opinion. Accordingly, being seated on that bench, a cause came on, which the counsel, learned in the law, set forth to such advantage, on the part of the plaintiff, that the sagacity of the royal judge soon saw the justice of it so clearly, that he frequently cried out, ' I' se ken the matter unco weel! The gude mon is i' the reeght! He mun ha' it! he mun ha' it! — And when the counsel had concluded, took it as an high affront, that the judges of the court should presume to remonstrate to him, that it was the rule *audire alteram partem*, to hear both parties before they gave judgment. Curiosity to know what could be said in so clear a case, rather than any respect to their rules, made him defer his decision; but the defendant's counsel had scarce began to open their cause, when his sacred majesty appeared greatly discomposed, and was so puzzled as they proceeded, that he had no patience to hear them out, but starting up in a passion, cried, ' I' se hear ne mere! ye are au knaves aleeke! ye gi' each other the lee, and neither's i' the reeght.'

LORD C — was asked once, why he preferred playing with sharpers to gentlemen: Why, said he, if I play with sharpers, and win, I am sure to be paid; but if I win of gentlemen, they frequently behave so genteelly, that I get nothing but *words and polite apologies* for my money.

AN arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried for horse-stealing, the judge immediately cried, oh! here is a noted villain, I am sure! why, sirrah, I can see the rogue in your face: *ah, my lord*, says the fellow, *I wonder at that; for I did not know my face was a looking-glass, till your lordship saw yourself in it.*

A PARSON and clerk having a mind for a whet before service begun, went to a tavern, but drinking rather too much, the pastor, while the deputy was singing a psalm, fell asleep in his pulpit; the clerk observing it, and willing to excuse him, sung the psalm twice over; but finding the faithful shepherd still sleeping, jogg'd him, and said, *sir it is out.* To which the parson loudly answer'd, *why then fill another*, thinking himself still in the tavern.

A GENTLEMAN having brought his friend down into his cellar, his friend observing there was no seat to sit on, asked him the reason of it. Because, says the other, I will have no man that comes here drink any longer than he can stand.

AN honest Highlander, walking along Holburn, heard a voice cry, *rogue, Scot, rogue, Scot;* his northern blood, fired at the insult, drew his broad sword, looking round him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation; at last he found that it came from a parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach: but the *Generous Scot*, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, *Gin ye were a man, as ye're a green geuse, I woud split your weem.*

AN Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand,

shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my soul*, says Teague, *It is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

A CERTAIN reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, that it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Oh!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.*

AN Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted upon the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn—‘ Why, replied the Oxonian, the shortest way you can take, is to flop the first person you meet, and demand his money.’—‘ Are you sure of that, replied the traveller; then (drawing a pistol out of his pocket), as I am for expedition, your money this instant.’ The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

A FRENCHMAN having lived a single life too long, as he thought, to his advantage, resolved to marry a wife to dress victuals, and take care of his household affairs. At last he pitches upon one; but she being a proud finiky creature, would do little or nothing. After he had been married a month, and the honey moon was pretty well over, he desires her to dress the meat he had bought for dinner. At which she grumbled and gave him four looks, saying, truly, she expected to have a maid to do that for her, for she was never bred up to such slavery. He seemed contented, and only replied, *Var well, my dear, if dat you vil not do it var me, begar me vil do it var you;* and did it accordingly. At night the bed was to be made, but she would not do it; so he was forced to do it for her. Sunday he takes her abroad for a walk in the fields; and after some time, they sat down under a hedge

to rest themselves, and monsieur spying a pretty young crab-stick, pulls out his knife, and desires his wife to go and cut it for him; but she complained of her being tired, and she would not rise, not she indeed. *Vel, madame, said he, me vil do it var you;* so rises, cuts the stick, and trims it for use: then coming to her, says, *See my dear, vat pritty, pritty stick dis is; do take it and beat yourself vid it.* What, says she, do you take me for a fool, or mad? *Vel den, says he, me vil do it var you;* and so belaboured her to some purpose; that ever afterwards she was a good wife, and always willing to do her duty, without giving her husband the trouble to do it for her.

THREE or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the university of Oxford, espied a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand; says one of the scholars to the rest, if you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present; no doubt of it they were not long in consenting: why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surprized to see his ass thus metamorphosed: oh! pray, said the scholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old man? why, said he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle

thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him: by all means, said the crockery merchant. I don't desire to have anything to do with conjuration; and so set the scholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for: but the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: *oh! oh!* said he, *what! have he and his father quarrelled again already? no, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.*

A LADY of quality sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charged him to take coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them: but a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obeyed his orders. How then answered the lady, could the stays be wet, if you took them into the coach with you? No, replied honest Teague, *I know my place better; I did not go into the coach but rode behind, as I always used to do.*

A GENTLEMAN having bespoke a supper at an inn, desired his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the plates and knives and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to baulk his humour, threw the bottles and glasses down also; at which the host being surprized, enquired the reason of his so

doing. Nay, nothing, replied the gentleman, but when I saw you throw the plates and knives down stairs I thought you had a mind to sup below.

ALPHONSO, king of Naples, sent a moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to purchase horses, and to return by such a time. There was about the king a buffoon, or jester, who had a table-book, wherein he used to register any remarkable absurdity that happened at court. The day the moor was dispatched to Barbary, the said jester waiting on the king at supper, the king called for his table-book: in which the jester kept a regular journal of absurdities. The king took the book, and read, How Alphonso, king of Naples, had sent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, his own country, with so many thousand crowns to buy horses. The king turned to the jester, and asked, why he inserted that? because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again: and so you have lost both man and money: but, if he does come, says the king, then your jest is marr'd: no, Sir, replies the buffoon, for if he should return, I will blot out your name, and put in his for a fool.

AN author came into a bookseller's shop where Nash was reading, and offered a poem to sell. The bookseller refusing to give the money he asked, he turned short round, and said he would carry it home. for that he did not care how much wit he had in hand. True, says Nash, and I think you should always keep some in hand, my friend, for I fancy you have but little in head.

DR. Bentley shewing a young lady the fine library in Trinity college, and among the rest of the

books, his own writings curiously bound, asked the lady how she liked the binding: the lady answered, they were extremely handsome, but she chose rather to have his *works in sheets*.

A DEAF fellow coming to London to sell a turkey, at Hyde-park corner, had occasion to untruss a point. A gentleman passing by, intending to put a joke upon him; countryman, said he, there's a t—d under you. The man thinking he asked the price of his turkey, said, four shillings, master. I say, there's a t—d under you, said the other. It is as good as ever you eat in your life, said the fellow, either baked or roasted. You rascal, said he, I could find in my heart to kick you soundly. Chuse, said the fellow, if you won't another will.

A CERTAIN lady standing by a fat young gentlewoman when her stays were lacing on, took occasion to joke her upon the largeness of her shape; to which the girl said, 'she could only wish it as slender as her ladyship's reputation.'

A TEMPLAR going at Christmas into York-shire, to see his father, took some other templars along with him; and in one of the holidays, he would have them to an alehouse hard by, wherethe woman was deaf. So coming thither, Oh, my young master, says she, I han't seen you these seven years. Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, Here's to thee, and to all the rogues, whores and bawds in England. She seeing his lips go, but hearing him not, said, come, sir, I'll pledge you, for I know you *drink to your father and mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters*.

A JURY having given 1500*l.* damages against Sir R——H——ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife, as the defendant was going out

of court, he cried ' damn these twelve appraisers, they have confoundedly over-valued my pastime.'

A CERTAIN great lady passing in her chariot through Long-Acre one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel. The spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: the old lady ordering her coachman to stop at the door, called out, ' My son, my son, never be ashamed at coming out of a bawdy house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.'

AN elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practised by vicious men, who made use of violence as well as art to satisfy their brutal appetites; and how that swords and pistols had been put to women, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces; and then asked miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? to which the girl replied, *life is sweet mam-ma.*

ONE night a drunken fellow jostled against a post; but thought somebody had jostled him, and fell a beating the post till his knuckles were broke. Says one to him, ' fie, what makes you fight with the post?' ' How should I know it was the post, says he, why did not he blow his horn then?'

A COUNTRY fellow being to be catechised (who was an apprentice) the parson ask'd him, what's your name? John, says the fellow. Who gave you that name? says the parson. My godfather, and godmothers, &c. says the fellow. Well said, says the parson; and what did your godfathers and

godmothers then for you? says John, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my time.

MR Wilks, who, with Colley Cibber and Mr. Dogget, was one of the managers of the old house under Sir Richard Steel, was a gentleman of great humanity, and remarkably kind to his countrymen, where he observed the least desert; one instance does great honour to his memory, which was this: Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than that of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, tho' not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic, and prosecuted his design with so much diligence and success, that when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him at his arrival, and is now, or was lately, one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.

THE late Dr B—r—y, whose wit had too often

a tincture of ill-nature, was one evening very hard upon Mr. H—ll, who had been in great distress—H—ll took no notice of him at first, but suffer'd him to run on till he chang'd the subject, and amongst other things the Dr. mentioned his having been out of town for a week. Aye, says Mr. H—ll, that was published in all the Saturday's papers. In what form, says the doctor? Why DECREASED IN THE BURIALS THIS WEEK, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR.

A PRESBYTERIAN preacher, who was explaining to his congregation the great benefits arising from the sabbath, told them, that among other excellencies of their institution, was the proper choice of the day. The Jews, says he, kept it on the seventh; but we keep it on the first; and if it were on any other, *it would make a broken week.*

THE Scots, among other maxims of frugality, say, that if butter has no hairs in it, the cow that gave the milk will not thrive; and an Englishman having some brought to him in which he observed a great number, desired his landlady to bring him the butter upon one plate and the hairs upon another, that he might mix them himself; for he thought, in the piece he had already, the proportion of hair was rather too much.

IT is said of dean Swift, that the last sparkle of his wit, when he was sinking into idiocy, was on the following occasion. Mr. Handel, who was then about to quit Ireland, went to take leave of him. The servant was some time before he could make the dean understand him; which when he did, immediately cried out, *Prodigious! a German and a genius, admit him, admit him.*

WHEN Mr. Witherilt belonged to Drury-Lane

playhouse, he used in the summer-season to go into the country with his family to play at several towns in Lincolnshire, the county where he was born. Being at Grantham, his son was taken ill, and when he was summoned to attend his business in town he sent a letter excusing himself to Mr. Wilks for a few days, *because his son was at the point of death*. What follows is remarkable: The very night this letter was wrote, the son, in all appearance, expired, was stript and washed, the bed taken away, and he laid out upon a mat, with a basin of salt placed on his stomach, according to the custom of the country where he died; the inconsolable parents, (for his mother was also of the company) removed to another lodging, the coffin was sent into the deceased's chamber, and the windows were all set open. About ten at night a person was sent with a light to watch the corps. When she opened the door, the first object she beheld was poor Bob (as he was generally called by his intimates) sitting up, with his teeth chattering in his head, as well they might, with cold. The woman, in her fright, drop'd the candle, and scream'd out *the devil!* The noise alarmed another woman below, who ran up stairs to see what was the matter. In the mean time, Bob, with much ado, had made a shift to get from the bed; and taking up the candle, which lay upon the floor unextinguished, was creeping to the door to call for assistance, as naked as from the womb of his mother; which the women perceiving, with joint screams repeated, *a ghost, a ghost! the devil, the devil!* The master of the house hearing this uproar, ran himself to know the reason; where poor Bob, the supposed devil, and he, soon came to a right understanding. He

was put into a warm bed, to the unspeakable joy of his desponding parents, and in ten days after was in London, telling the story of his own death.

WHEN queen Elizabeth first proposed to the famous civilian Dr. Dale, his being employed by her in Flanders, she, among other encouragements, told him, that he should have twenty shillings a day for his expences: *Then, madam, said he, I will spend nineteen shillings a day.* What will you do with the odd shilling, the queen replied? *I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;* meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. During the doctor's stay in Flanders, he once sent in a packet to the secretaries of state, two letters, one to the queen and the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was superscribed *To his dear wife;* and that for his wife, *To her most excellent majesty;* so that the queen having opened his letter, found it beginning with *Sweet Heart,* and afterwards with *my dear, and dear love,* with such like expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake rais'd; but the doctor by his oversight get a supply of money.—When upon the overtures for a treaty, the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat; the Spanish ambassador said, that the French was the most proper, because, said he to Dr. Dale, your mistress intitles herself Queen of France. Nay, then, said the doctor, let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself king of Jerusalem.

WHEN the earl of Stair was last ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which

the foreign ambassadors were constantly invited, not excepting the ambassador of France, with whose nation we were then upon the point of breaking. In return, the abbe de Ville, the French resident, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The abbe was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a certain quaintness, in which he seemed to take great pride. Agreeable to this humour, he one day proposed a health in these terms: *The Rising Sun, my master*; alluding to a motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the baron de Reishach's turn to give a health; and he, to countenance the abbe and to please him, proposed, *The moon and fixed stars*, in compliment to his mistress the empress queen, which was greatly applauded: and when it came to the earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him; but that nobleman, whose presence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occasions, drank his master, by the name of *Joshua the son of Nun, who made the sun and the moon to stand still*.

SIR Cl—dy M—cd—I, a Scots baronet, and member of parliament for one of the royal boroughs of that kingdom, came one morning, according to custom, to Sir Robert's levee, and without the least ceremony laid hold of his ribband. Sir Robert could not readily disengage himself, and the baronet lagg'd him to the window, in which, sousing himself down, he happened to have an escape, which carried with it so loud a report that it threw the whole company into laughter. *Very, well, Sir C—dy*, said the minister, *pray what have you farther to say?—Why, this it is, Sir Robert, I owe*

fifteen hundred pund, and by G—d if you don't give it me I'll e'en go to-morrow to the house and vote according to my conscience. 'Tis to be presumed the demand was comply'd with in private, tho' laugh'd at in public, as this gentleman voted with Sir Robert to the last.

SIR Richard Steel having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed that they were fellows, of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then ask'd why he did not discharge them, declared that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid. His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt discharged their attendance; having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

WHEN Mr G—ck was last at Walton-Bridge assembly, an old gentleman of about four score danced remarkably well, upon which Mr G—ck said to another gentleman, I shou'd not like to be that gentleman's heir; why, sir, said the other? because, said Mr. G—ck, I shculd think he would live too long, and-besides, said he, if he were dead, I would be afraid he would rise again, if a tabor and pipe were to play over his grave.

A R——D b——r being invited to a public entertainment, and having transgress'd the bounds of sobriety, in the way to his lodgings, coming by a gentleman's house where there were posts before the door, stumbling upon one of them, he very complaisantly took of his hat, and begged pardon for the affront he had put upon it.

A BARBER of Lincoln, who generally shaves for a penny, and had lately the good fortune to marry a handsome wife, with a trifle of money, happened to call in at a neighbour's, who keeps a school; the children at that time were reading their lessons, and one of the boys coming to the following passage in the New Testament, viz. *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.* The barber suddenly started, and turned pale, and with tears cried out, *If that is the case, the Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of my poor soul.*

DURING the time of the king of Denmark's residence in England, an Irish gentleman, in the true spirit of bull-making, offered to bet a guinea that his majesty would visit Ireland, before he left this kingdom.

AMONGST the characters at the late masqued ball, was a Hebe (supposed to be the lovely Miss H——ls) whose wit gave great pleasure to all she conversed with: a nobleman, not remarkable for his understanding, asked her if she was the real Hebe or a counterfeit? Oh, my lord (says she) do not blame me for assuming a character, which thousands of women in this age do on the verge of four-score, as well in dress as conversation.

THE following droll story is told of a person, at

present playing the patriot in a more conspicuous station; but also formerly practised as an attorney. A man having a bill on an alderman, since dead, the acceptance of which was refused, applied to this attorney, who declared he would make the alderman accept it, and accordingly wrote a letter, but the alderman thinking the manner favoured of impertinence and the matter of ignorance, answered it in this laconic way:

Brafs, brafs,

Your client's a fool, and you're an ass.

Two coming into an inn, they bid the hostler give their horses some oats; presently one going down, saw the hostler robbing the horses, for which chiding him, he returned to his companion, that had trusted too much in the hostler's fidelity: *What*, said his companion, *have the horses dined already?* *Yes, I believe yours hath*, replied he, *for as I went down just now, I saw the hostler taking away.*

A PLAIN country fellow, born in Essex, coming to London, which place he had never seen before, as he walked in a certain street, not a great way from Mark-Lane, spy'd a rope hanging at a merchant's door, with a handle to it; and wondering what it meant, he takes it in his hand, and played with it to and fro; at length pulling it hard, he heard a bell ring; it so happened that the merchant being near the door, went himself, and demanded what the fellow would have. Nothing, sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty thing which hangs at your door. What countryman are you, said the merchant? An Essexman, an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, replied the merchant, for I have often heard say, that if a man beat a bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a calf. *It may*

be so, replied the countryman, and I think a man can no sooner ring a bell in London, but out pops a cuckold.

A COUNTRY curate being to examine his young catechumens one Friday in Lent, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was oblig'd to leave a game of *All-fours* unfinished; telling his antagonist, he wou'd soon dispatch his audience, and see him out; and for fear any tricks shou'd be play'd with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock. On asking one of the children how many commandments there were, and the boy not readily answering, one of the cards dropp'd out of his sleeve. However, he had the presence of mind to bid the same boy pick it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did; then turning to the parents, said, *Are ye not ashame to pay so little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your negligence, and brought this card with me to detect your immorality in teaching your children to know the cards before their commandments.*

KING Charles the first, being once going to dinner, when the chaplain in waiting was out of the way, he commanded Archee his jester to say grace; which he immediately performs thus: *All glory be to God on high, and little laud to the devil.* At which all the courtiers smiling, because it reflected upon Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, who was a little man, the king told Archee that he would give an account of him to his grace the archbishop: and what will you do then? says the king. O, says Archee, I will hide myself where he shall never find me. Where's that? says the king. In

the pulpit, says Archee, for I am sure he never comes there.

A USURER having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any that should bring it him. A tender-conscienced man finding it, brought it to him, demanding the ten pounds. But he, to baffle him, alledged, there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag, when lost; tho' upon breaking open the seal there appeared no more than an hundred. The man arrested him for his promise, and it coming to be tried before a judge of *Nisi Prius*, it appearing that the seal had not been broken open, nor the bag ripped, says the judge to the defendant, the bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it, you say? Yes, my lord, says he. Then, replied the judge, according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be your money, for here was but a hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner comes; and you must look for your hundred and ten pounds where you can find it.

A VERY ignorant, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book, and smile, asked him, what there was in that book, that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack. Is it so? said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had that honour done me; upon which taking it into his hand, he found it to be Perkin's catechism, dedicated to all ignorant persons.

A PHILOSOPHER carrying something hid under his cloak, an impertinent person asked him, what he had under his cloak? To which the phi-

Iosopher answered, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

A MAN of mean fortune married a handsome woman of great estate, who kept a gallant: and one day being in private with him, she told him how greatly she loved him; but the husband over-hearing her, bid him not to believe her, for, says he, she has told me the same story these seven years.

THE reverend Mr. Brodie preaching one day at a kirk in Edinburgh, on hell torments, in extreme cold weather, represented them to be intolerable, by the excess of cold they suffered there. One of his congregation, after sermon, took upon him to ask the reason of his so doing, when all the eminent divines had preached it up to be the reverse. *O, Sir, said he, I had good reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to hell to warm themselves.*

CERTAIN country clowns being very familiar with their minister, one of them, being an unmanly fellow, and illiterate, giving him no other terms than *Good man Parson*, without any additional title, was reprimanded by one of the most knowing amongst them, who told him he ought to call him *Pastor*: why so? replies the fellow. Because, says he, *Pastor* is as much as *shepherd*, or the *head of the sheep*. The other thanked him for his counsel, and promised he would not commit the like incivility again; but presently after, having the cup in his hand, drinks to him, and says, *Master sheep's head, here's to you, sir;* thinking he had made amends for his former simplicity.

A YOUNG gentleman, after a very great misfortune, came to his mistress, and told her, he was reduced even to the want of five guineas. To

which she replied, I am glad of it, with all my heart. Are you so, madam, adds he, suspecting her constancy: pray, why so? *because*, said she, *I can furnish you with five thousand.*

THE late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him, he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner-time, the visit or sat down to wait for him. After a short time dinner was brought in; a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor eat the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, bad them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the greatman came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, ' Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint.' Saying this, he lifted up the cover; and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile; ' See, says he, what we studious people are! I forgot I had din'd.'

A POET going over Lincoln's Inn-Fields, one, who pretended to be a poor maimed soldier, begged his charity. The poet asked him by what authority he went a begging? I have a licence for it, answered the soldier; licence, said the poet! lice thou may'st have, but sense thou can'st have none, to beg of a poet.

AN old man who had married a young wife, complained to a friend, how unhappy he had always been. When I was young, said he, I went abroad for want of a wife; and now I am old, my wife goes abroad for want of a husband.

A GREAT Epicure making a visit to an nobleman of his acquaintance, found him playing at back-

gammon with his chaplain; the clergyman leaving the room, the gentleman asked his friend, how he could be so mean, as to sit playing with his chaplain? swearing, for his part, he would rather play with his cook. Why then, says the nobleman, you would do the very same thing for which you censure me; for as you make a god of your guts, your cook is your chaplain.

QUEEN Elizabeth seeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effects of her favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in *Italian*, *What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?* After a little pause, he answered, *He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise.* The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: anger makes dullmen witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A CERTAIN musician, who had a very bad voice, as he was singing one day, took notice of a gentlewoman, who fell a crying; and imagining the sweetness of his melody had awakened some passion in her breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He had no sooner ended his song, but going to the lady, he asked her why she cried? Oh! said she, I am the unfortunate woman, whose afs the wolves devoured yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought of my poor afs, for surely, never were two voices more alike.

IT was said of one, who remembered everything he lent, and nothing he borrowed, that he had lost half his memory.

As told of a man that was taken A friend in guilty and false company and so the wor

THE steward of a noble lord's estate in the country had commissioned, among other things, a peasant, who was going up to London (with the design chiefly to see the fine folks there) to carry to his lady a basket of peaches. This lady lived in the environs of Grosvenor-square, and the peasant, by the written directions on the basket, was enabled to find her house without much difficulty. Having told his errand at the door, to the porter, he was shortly after desired to step up stairs with his basket of fruit. On the first landing-place he was accosted by three large monkies. Two of them of the male sex were richly dressed in blue and gold; had bag-wigs, ruffles, and swords by their sides. The other, a female, was distinguished by her brocade petticoat, crimson silk mantua, two or three pair, thick set together, of long laced ruffles, a stomacher curiously ornamented with brilliant stones, a watch hanging by her side, a tête highly finished by a French friseur, and a cap in the modern taste, with a gaudy affortment of ribbon. As they grinned and cringed to the countryman, laying hold at the same time of his basket, he let it down to them; and not knowing what animals they were, or not distinguishing them immediately from the human species, he took off his hat to them with all the politeness he was master of, and made them several rustic bows. The monkies during his obeisances had made quick work of it, unpacking and rifling the basket. Some of the peaches they had crammed into their pockets, others they had eaten, and others they threw again into the basket after biting them; so that when they had played their farce to the full, they all three scampered down stairs. The lady wondering what should detain the peasant, dispatch

ed her waiting-woman to hasten his coming. When he had presented his basket, What's the matter here? said the lady in a passion; every thing quite discomposed, the peaches bruised and mangled, and the basket scarce half full; sure the fellow for his impudence deserves to be put in the stocks! Waunds, madam, replied the countryman, the basket was brimming full, and not a finger laid upon a peach, till the two young gentlemen, your sons, and miss, your daughter, had met me on the stairs, and left it in the condition you see it. The lady then recollecting the monkies, Ah! said she, I can't be angry; it is a trick of the dear creatures, Jack, Tom and Margot; but for the footman, who should have conducted you up stairs, I will discharge him this moment.

AN Irishman hearing of a murder that was lately committed, asked, where does the man *live*? On the company's laughing at the question, he answered in an angry tone, by Jasus, gentlemen, I mean where does the man *live* that was *killed*?

THE following inscription is on a tomb-stone in Lawrance-Ledeard church-yard, in the county of Somerset: 'The man who rests in this grave has had eight wives, by whom he had forty-five children, and twenty grand-children. He was born rich, lived and died poor, aged ninety-four, July the 30th, 1764, born at Bewdly in Worcestershire, 1650.'

ZELIM, the first of the Ottoman emperors that shaved his beard, his predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his bashas, why he altered the custom of his predecessors? answered, Because you bashas shall not lead me by the beard as you did them.

A CERTAIN Teaguelander being upon a journey, in his way, chanced to light on a small pig; says he to the pig, *Little pig wilt dou come and live wid me a month.* The pig cried, a-week, a-week, a-week, a-week, four times: *Den bee Chreesbt,* says Mac, *dat isb a month, for four weeks make a month:* but poor Mac was taken up for stealing the pig, and carried before a justice, to whom he made this defence, *Mr. Justice, on mee shalvashion, de pig did promise to live wid me a month, but if de man will have him sooner, here is de pig for him.*

QUEEN Elizabeth having taken notice of the duke de Villa Medina's gallant behaviour at a tournament, told him one day, that she would absolutely know who his mistress was: Villa Medina excused himself a-while, but at last yielding to her curiosity, he promised to send her her picture. The next morning he sent her a packet; wherein the queen finding nothing but a small looking-glass, presently understood the Spaniard's meaning.

A BUSY impertinent, entertaining Aristotle the philosopher with a tedious discourse, and observing he did not much regard him, made an apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No, indeed,* replied the philosopher, *you have not interrupted me, for I have not heard one word you have said.*

THE duke of——asked a friend, who he thought had undertaken the most difficult task, Mr. W—st—n, in his attempt to find out the *Longitude*, or Mr. Lisle, in his attempt to find out the *philosopher's stone?* The friend answered, he could not tell which was the most arduous work of the two, but he was sure he himself had engaged in a more difficult affair than either of them. What is

that, said his grace? *Why I have been these six years endeavouring to prevail with you to pay your debts.*

VEN, one of the regicides, whilst he was governor of Windsor, had seized upon the estate of a cavalier not far from his garrison, and had very modestly put himself into possession of it. And this did him great service; for while the treaty of Uxbridge was depending, a great number of his friends, under different pretences, came daily to consult him, and were all received and entertained at his seat there, with the greatest privacy. In the mean time, several of his wife's relations came likewise to spend a part of the summer with her, and made this, by their own choice, the place of their residence, which gave a colour to the governor's frequent visits, and rendered the correspondence he maintained there quite unsuspected. However, notwithstanding all his artifices, and the artifices of those of his party to the contrary, a report was spread that the king and the parliament were like to agree; and when this news was brought to Ven's, his lady and her company were then in the garden gathering of fruit. Every one was differently affected according to their particular views; but my good lady, after some pause, turning up her eyes with a devout resignation, said, *Verily for my part I could be content with peace too, so every one were suffered to sit quietly under the shadow of his own vine, and enjoy the good things the Lord has put into our hands.*

ONE telling his friend he was a cuckold—
If I had not known it, replied he, I should have been angry with you for telling me on't.

KING William having either chosen, or actually taken this motto for his state coach, *non rapui, sed recipi*, *I have not stole, but I received*, alluding to his being called to the throne by the people, and to clear himself from the scandal of usurpation, it was told to one of the opposite party, *and what, says the informer, do you think the prince of Orange has taken for the motto to his coach? Dutch cheese*, perhaps, cries the Jacobite. *No, answers his friend, but non rapui, sed recipi*. Well, answered the other, *there's an old proverb which says the receiver's as bad as the thief.*

AMASIS, king of Egypt, observing that his subjects undervalued him, on account of his having been formerly in a meaner condition, commanded that a vessel of the finest gold should be made to wash his feet in; and having kept it some time for that base use, ordered it to be new molten, cast into the form of a deity, and set up in one of the Egyptian temples; upon which the people began to worship it with the most zealous devotion: this Amasis taking notice of, cunningly asked them *why they so respected that which was before such a dishonourable vessel?* To which they answered, *Because that now it had a divine form.* This was all the king wanted, and immediately catching at their words, he said, *Oh, Egyptians! even thus, though once an inferior member of the commonwealth, should you regard Amasis, seeing he is now your king, and forgetting what I was, reverence what I am.*

THE scholars of Trinity College, Dublin, had, in a merry humour, invited themselves one night to supper with the celebrated Dean Swift; he received them with great civility, but to their surprise, supper was brought up before they could i-

magine it was ready. The dishes were all covered, and the Dean being seated, *Come, gentlemen,* said he, *uncover;* which they did, and found the dishes contained nothing but ragouts of old books; at which, though perhaps not well pleased, they forced their faces into a grin of complaisance, as admiring the Dean's wit, not doubting to be sure but the second would make amends for the insipidity of the first. But here also they were disappointed; for the second course making its appearance, and they uncovering the dishes as they had done before, nothing was found but salt. *There,* said the Dean, *is a feast for Plato; there is Attic salt for you; indulge, indulge.* The second course being removed, in came the third, which consisted of plates covered, in number tallying with the guests: each uncovering his plate found half-a-crown. Some took them up, others left them; and thus ended the entertainment, the Dean ushering his guests to the door in the waiter's phrase, *Kindly welcome, gentlemen.*

A GOOD woman bringing an infant to church to be christened, the parson taking the boy in his arms, desired to know what he should call it; *Lord bless you, Sir,* answered the mother, *any thing, so it be but a scripture name:* *Nay, but mistress,* said the doctor, *it is necessary you should tell me; why then,* replied the woman, after some pause, *an't please your Reverence, call it, ay, call it Belzebub.*

ANEXAGORAS, the Grecian philosopher, finding a certain nobleman who was very eager to profit by his discourse and instructions, at the same time very slow in contributing towards his maintenance, spoke to him thus; *Look ye, my lord, if*

you desire to see my light, you must administer oil to my lamp.

THE famous Scipio being at a time procurator purveyor for the city of Rome, when there raged a great famine, he was upon the point of setting sail from Asia with provision, but his pilot taking notice of the turbulency of the weather, dissuaded him from it as dangerous; to which that truly noble Roman returned this gallant answer, *it is necessary that I should go, not that I should live.*

A GREECAN sage being at sea in the same vessel with three notorious wicked men, they (a tempest suddenly arising) began to pray, but he persuaded them to hold their tongues, *lest*, as he said, *the gods should know they were there.*

AN Irish footman was packing up his master's cloaths and some other things, but putting them down all in the middle, they rose above the edge of the trunk, so that he could not shut over the cover, while the sides and corners were almost empty; *pugh, the devil hang the trunk*, said he, *upon my soul I have put more into the trunk than it will hold, and it is not full yet.*

A PERSON seeing a very bad picture, observed that it might be worshipped without any breach of the second commandment; and being desired to give his reason for it, he answered, *because it was like nothing that is in heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.*

A CERTAIN Roman knight came to solicit some favour of the emperor Trajan, but miscarrying, and being very old, both with gray hairs and beard, in a few days afterwards he stood in his way a second time, with a fresh petition, to the same effect with the last; however, fearing that he should

be known again, and rejected for an impertinent, he very sagaciously shaved himself, and dyed his hair black, hoping by that means to appear young, and escape the emperor's notice; but Trajan the minute he saw him reconnoitred his old plague; taking the petition therefore from his hand, and looking it over, *really*, said he, jeeringly, *I should be very glad to grant what you require, but I denied it but a day or two ago to your father, and I think it would be a downright scandal to give that to the son which I refused to him that got him.*

A FRENCH prisoner of some distinction being at Portsmouth, went out of curiosity one Sunday morning to church, where the then mayor's two daughters (very fine girls) were; *Begar*, said he, when he came home, *two ver fine young ladies were at chorch dis morning*. Who were they? demanded his landlady; *begar*, answered he, *I forgot de names, but what be dat thing that nibby, nibby de grass? Oh*, said his landlady, *a cow*; *Non, non*, cried the Frenchman; *A sheep, perhaps*, said she; *non*. *A bull; non*. *Perhaps then you mean a horse; non, non; begar, what be the horse's wife's name? Oh, a mare*, answered the landlady; *ay, ay, a mayor; de mayor's two daughters were at chorch, dis morning; two ver pretty young ladies, begar, dey made water in my mout.*

A VERY deformed and ugly fellow taking Diogenes the Cynic home to dine with him one day, his house being very stately, and furnished with elegance, the philosopher spit in his face, and being asked why he did so, answered, *because it is the dirtiest place I see about me.*

A DISPUTE once arising between a Spaniard and a German, about which of their two nations

was the most cunning and subtle; they agreed that he of them who could most ingeniously steal should not only be allowed the preference with regard to country, but also receive from the other twenty ducats; this matter was to be decided by appointed judges; and the Spaniard directly undertook to steal away eggs from a bird while she sat upon her nest without disturbing her; accordingly going into a wood, as soon as the birds were roosted, the Spaniard prepared to mount a tree, pulling off his laced doublet, his gold chain, dagger, &c. and laying them at the bottom of it; he was now almost at top, when the German called, " Well, " Sir, shall you be able to take the eggs? Ay, no " doubt on't, (says the other); Well then, (said " the German), I'll make one clause more to the " bargain, you shall keep what you take, and I'll " keep what I take;" upon which laying hold of his cloaths, he very fairly sheered off with them, leaving the Spaniard to shift for himself, and get down the tree as well as he could.

A ROMAN Jesuit coming to a certain Friar in France with a merchandize of Pope's indulgences, as he was preaching in the morning, he promised his auditors that in the afternoon he would shew them a most precious relique, even a quill of the angel Michael's wing, which the devil in his contest with him, mentioned in the Revelations, pulled out; now the school master of the place (at whose house the Jesuit lodged) was secretly a Hugonot, and hearing this impudent lie, took the opportunity while his Reverence was at dinner of conveying this boasted quill from the place where it lay, and put in the room of it a parcel of dirty coals. This the Jesuit never suspected, therefore

went to church in high confidence of surprising the people, and enriching himself by their ridiculous credulity; being mounted in the pulpit, "Here
" (said he, displaying his case) here, dearly belov-
" ed brethren, is the wonderful quill I told you
" of, a quill—but hold, you shall see it;" upon
which, opening his repository, he found not the quill
but the coals; however, determining that he would
not lose his labour, and the devil being ready at
his elbow, "Bless my soul, (said he), what have
" I done? mistook the case as I live; but it is ve-
" ry well as it is, this is a rare relique too; yes,
" dearly beloved, instead of the quill I told you of,
" belonging to the angel Michael, I have brought
" you some of the coals with which that glorious
" and blessed martyr St. Lawrence was roasted to
" death on a gridiron."

IT is a custom frequent among the dissenting ministers, when they catch any one sleeping in their meeting-houses, to cry out, "There is no sleeping
" in hell, there is no sleeping in hell." One Sunday afternoon, a holderforth espying a sheep of the fold nodding, immediately began to bellow out the usual exclamation, when the lay-brother starting up, roared out as loud as his reverence, No sleeping in hell, quoth a, "by G—d, then it is because
" there are no such preachers as you there."

A QUAKER, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes; Yea and Nay went to him and demanded the reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never dealings with him in his whole life. "Why, says the parson, it is for tythes." "For tythes, says the Quaker, I prithee, friend, upon what account?" "Why, says the parson, for preaching in the church." "Alas! then, replied

the Quaker, I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there." "Oh! but you might, says the parson, for the doors are always open at convenient times." And thereupon he told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and Nay hereupon shak'd his ears, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation-town) against the parson for forty shillings: The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such a disgrace upon him? and for what he did owe him the money? "Truly, friend, replied the Quaker, for trimming." "For trimming, said the parson; Why, I was never trimmed by you in my life." "Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou hadst pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well thine."

A PARSON, in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. viii. verse 14. "And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," preached for three Sundays together on the same subject: Soon after two country fellows going across the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one asked the other, who it was for? "Nay, I can't tell; perhaps, replied he, it is for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks."

IN a little country town, it happened that the 'squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying-in, to return thanks, or, as it is commonly called, to be churched: The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain Woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, "O Lord save this Woman, said, O Lord save this Lady." The clerk

resolving not to be behind-hand with him, answered, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee."

A CHANDLER having had some candles stole, one bid him be of good cheer; "for in a short time, says he, I am confident, they'll all come to light."

AN Oxford student who had put up at an inn, in his way from London, without consulting the state of his finances, found in the morning that he would stand a bad chance of getting his horse and himself genteelly off, if his imagination failed him in a project; but luckily having a very silly landlord to deal with, he persuaded him that he was so conversant in brewery, and the draught of beer, that he could draw mild and stale out of the same butt. The landlord being very curious to have the experiment tried, just as the Oxonian's horse was ready, they went down into the cellar, and having pitched upon a fresh butt, the Oxonian bored a hole in the upper part, then turning to the landlord for the peg, which he was unprovided with, "Keep your hands here, said he, till I go and fetch one." The landlord's patience was doubtless tired before his return, as he rode away for Oxford with full speed.

Two Welshmen at an inn had a dozen of eggs for breakfast; and after they had paid, and got a mile out of town, one said to the other, he was glad he was there, for hur did cheat hur landlord this morning; for in hur shix eggs which hur had, hur had two schickings, and hur paid never a var ding for them.

AN honest Jack Tar being at a quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of

giving the lie in conversation, and therefore he recommended, when any story was told that seemed destitute of probability, to cry Twang; which he said would not irritate people to passion, as the lie would. Afterwards he digressed into the story of the great miracle, 5000 being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. and told them that they were not such loaves as were used now, but were as big as mountains; at the hearing of which, the far uttered with a loud voice, Twang; "What, says the quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend?" "No, says Jack, but I am thinking how big the ovens were that baked them."

A WELCH vicar being to read the curses (as the custom is) upon Ash-Wenesday, and the people to say Amen, turning over the leaf, and finding them to be many, said, "Dearly beloved brethren, I am to read a great many curses to you, but because I am loth to trouble myself and your patience, I will end them all in one: The curse of God light upon you all. Amen."

AN old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to task one day, and asked her if she had considered what a crying sin it was in a woman to cuckold her husband? Lord, my dear, said she, what do you mean? I never had such a thing in my head, nor never will. No, no, replied he, I shall have it in my head, you will have it somewhere else.

THERE was a poor young woman who had brought herself even to death's door with grief for her sick husband, but the good man her father did all he could to comfort her. "Come, child, said he, we are all mortal. Pluck up a good heart, my child; for let the worst come to the worst, I have

a better husband in store for thee." "Alas! Sir, says she, what d'ye talk of another husband for? Why, you had as good have stuck a dagger to my heart. No, no; if ever I think of another husband, may——" Without any more ado, the man dies, and the woman, immediately, breaks out into such transports of tearing her hair, and beating her breast, that every body thought she would have run stark-mad upon it. But upon second thoughts, she wipes her eyes, lifts them up, and cries; "Heaven's will be done!" and turning to her father; "Pray, Sir, says she, about t'other husband you were speaking of, is he here in the house."

A COUNTRYMAN subpoena'd for a witness upon a trial on an action for defamation; he being sworn, the judge bad him repeat the very same words he had heard spoken. The fellow was loth to speak, and hummed and hawed for a good space; but being urged by the judge, he at last spoke: "My lord, said he, you are a cuckold;" the judge called to him, and bade him speak to the jury, as there were twelve of them.

THE late earl of S—— kept an Irish footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain judge, the judge in return sent my lord half a dozen of live partridges, with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they flew away. Oh! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my lord read the letter, Why, Teague, said my lord,

I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter. Now, arrah, dear honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are all lost out of the basket.

AN Irish lawyer had a client of his own country, who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married again in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her: and coming to advise with the counsellor, told him, he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again. Arrah, by my shoul, but that shall be impossible, said the other; for my ship-mates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and shan't return these twelvemonths. "Oh then, answered the counsellor, there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself alive."

Two widows sitting by a fire, were chattering together about their dead husbands: and one said, Let us have another candle, for my poor husband loved light; God send him light everlasting; and said the other, Let us stir up the fire, my husband loved fire; I wish him fire everlasting.

A TRAVELLER relating some of his adventures, told the company, that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabians run: which startling them, he observed, that there was no such great matter in it; for, says he, we run, and they ran after us.

DEAN Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland was afterwards invited to dine with the judges, and having in his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he had bore a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they

know in their consciences to be wrong; when dinner was over, and the glafs began to go round, a young barrister who happened to be present, took occasion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both sides, the counsellor at last asked him, " If the devil were to die whether a parson might not be found for money to preach his funeral sermon?" " Yes, said Swift, and I would gladly be the man, for I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his children."

AN Englishman and a Scotchman coming in both together to an inn on the road, found nothing to be had but a piece of mutton and a chicken; so one would have the chicken and the other would have it, and began to quarrel. The landlady desired they would be pleased to eat it together; but Sawney, whose head was building castles in the air, said, It should be reserved till the morning: and he that dreamed the best dream should eat it for his breakfast. So eating the mutton for their supper, they went to bed. The Scotchman could not sleep one wink for thinking what he should dream. The Englishman observing where the chicken was set, arose and eat it. The next morning when both were up, the Scotchman said very hastily, that he dreamed the bravest dream in the world, " That he saw the heavens open, and that a quire of angels carried him up to St. Andrew in heaven." And said the Englishman, " I dreamed that I saw you carried up to heaven; and thinking you would never come down again, I rose and eat the chicken; for I knew you would have no occasion for fowl there."

A JUDGE upon the bench, asked an old man what age he was? I am eight and fourscore, my

lord, says he; and why not fourscore and eight? say the judge; because, says he, I was eight before I was fourscore.

Two bonny Scots, having just got a place at St. James's, and being in bed together, the one in his sleep baul'd out terribly, which the other hearing, desired to know what was the matter; Matter, quoth he, "Mon, I've dreamed a very ugly dream." "Prithee, Iod, didst dream of the deel?" says Wally. "Na, 'twas worse than the deel and hell to boot, says Sawney, for I dreamed I was transported into my awn country, never more to see aud England again." "Ah, mon, says Wally, that was very terrible indeed."

AN old woman being sick, began to have some thoughts of death; and called to her grandson, a lad about fourteen, to pray by her. The boy brings the hornbook, and kneeled down by her bed-side, beginning, Great A, little a, d——n it, cry'd the boy, I cannot tell the other letter. The old woman said, what, out already, love! Oh, says he, now I have it, B, granny, cry'd the boy. That's a dear soul, says she, "What a comfort it is to have a grandson that's a scholar to pray by one, when one's sick."

A COUNTRYMAN just come to London, going into Hyde Park to see the cannon which was taken from Cherberg (in France) said, I wonder how they can bore the guns in this manner. One of the artillery men told him, they did not bore them, but cast them in clay. "No, no, says the countryman, I am not so great fool neither, to believe they can make brass guns of clay."

An arch boy, cleaning a Scotchman's shoes (who was just come to London for preferment) acciden-

tally rubbed the brush over Sawney's plaid stockings, which offending his nicety, the boy began to be saucy: "Sirrah, fays Sawney, ye dinna ken tull whom ye are speaking; for I have gotten a place at St. James's, ye foul dug ye." You a place at St. James's! replies the boy, I believe 'tis a d——n'd lie; for I'm sure you look more "like a louse-cracker to the king of the beggars at St. Giles's."

KING Charles the second, returning from hunting, happening to pass through a little village where there were a parcel of boys playing, but one of them standing in the road, the king bid him get out of the way, on which the boy ran home as fast as he could, crying, Mother, mother, the king spoke to me; The king spoke to you, ha, don't tell lies, sirrah: Yes, indeed he did, said the boy: Why, what did he say to you, quoth she: Why, he said, Get out of the way, you little son of a whore, or I shall ride over you.

A CERTAIN parish clerk, who was dim-sighted, and could not read the first line of the psalm on a dark cloudy day, begun to rub his eyes; and having rubbed them for some time to no purpose; he began to make this apology—My eyes are wonderous dim—The people mistaking this for the first line, sung in an orderly manner—Why, I cannot see at all, says he. Then they sung this likewise—Then getting up, he bawls out, I think the people are all grown mad.—They then sung that also: whereupon he threw down the book in a passion, and concluded with, A plague confound you all.

THE cocket-writer at the custom-house, whose hand was as unintelligible as you can conceive any scrawl to be, was one day called upon by the

board to explain his writing; and after puzzling himself to no purpose, "Gentlemen, said he, I beg you'll send for some other person to explain it, for it is no part of my business. I am cocket-writer, and not cocket-reader."

A PRINCE laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not," answered the courtier, what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your majesty's person.

A YOUNG fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you. But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why, thou whoreson rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? "Ay, replied the other, but you are not half way at the bottom yet."

A JUSTICE of peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to the gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little. "Doctor, said he, you don't follow the example of your great master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass." "Why really, Sir, replied the parson, the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a mind to it."

A GENTLEMAN having received some abuse,

in passing through one of the inns of chancery, from some of the impudent clerks, was advised to complain to the principal, which he did accordingly; and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner: "I have been grossly abused here by some of the rascals of this house, and understanding that you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it."

A SCOTCH parson in the rump time, in his babbling prayer, said, "Laird bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant they may all hang together." A country fellow standing by, said, "Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the prayers of all good people." But, friends, said Sawney, I don't mean as that fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord. "No matter what cord, replied the other, so it is but a strong cord."

ONE of the Scotch teachers preaching upon drunkenness, told his hearers, there were four sorts of drunkenness. 1. To be drunk like a sow tumbling in the mire, like many of his parish. 2. There is to be drunk like a dog; the dog fills the stomach of him, and spews all out again; and thou John Jameson wast this way drunk the other day. 3. There is to be drunk like a goose. Of all drunkenness, Sirs, beware of the drunkenness of the goose, for it never rests, but constantly dips the gobb of it in the water. You are all drunk this way, Sirs; I need name none of you. 4. There is to be drunk like a sheep. The sheep seldom or never drinks, but sometimes wets the mouth of it in the water, and rises up as well as ever; and I myself am used to be drunk thus, Sirs. But now,

said he, I see two gentlemen in the kirk; and, gentlemen, you are both strangers to me, but I must vindicate myself at your hands. I have here the cursedest parish that ever God put breath in; for all my preaching against drunkennes, they will gang into an alehouse after sermon, and get a mickle cupful of hot ale, and they will say, Would we had the minister in the midst of it! Now, gentlemen, judge ye how I am rewarded for my good preaching!

ANOTHER Scotch parson preaching upon these words, Resist the devil, and he will fly away from you, began thus: My beloved, you are all here to-day, but wot ye who is among ye? Even the mickle horned devil. Ye cannot see him, but by the eye of faith I see him. But some of you say, What shall we do with him, now we have him here? How shall we destroy him? We will hang him. Alas! my beloved there are not so many towes in the parish as will hang him, he is as light as a feather. Then some of you will say, We will drown him. Humph, my beloved, there is too much cork in his a—, he's as souple as an eel, he will not sink. Others of you will say, We will burn him. Na, na, Sirs, you may scald your fass, but ye canna burn him, for all the fires in hell could never yet singe a hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a way among you to kill him, but I will find it. What way will this be, Sirs? We shall even shoot him. Wherewith shall we shoot him? We shall shoot him with the bible. Now, Sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So, presenting the bible, as soldiers do their muskets, he cries out, Toott, toott, toott: Now he is shot; there lies the foul thief dead as a herring.

BEN Johnson owing a vintner some money, restrained his house. The vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money; and also told him, if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Johnson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great rate. Says the vintner, This is not our business, Mr. Johnson; answer me my four questions, or else you must pay me my money, or go to jail, in short, (and he had got two bailiffs waiting at the door to arrest him.) Pray, says Ben, propose your four questions. Then, says the vintner, you must tell me, first, What pleases God? Secondly, what pleases the devil? Thirdly, what best pleases the world? And lastly, what best pleases me? Well, says Ben,

God is best pleas'd when man forsakes his sin;
The devil's best pleas'd when men persist therein;
The world's best pleas'd when you do draw good
wine;

And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine.

The vintner was well pleased, and gave Mr. Johnson a receipt in full for the debt, and his bottle of claret into the bargain.

THE king of Sweden being with a very small number of men before a town of his enemies, they, in derision of his strength, hung out a goose for him to shoot at: but perceiving before night, that these few men had invaded, and set their chief holds on fire; they demanded of him, what his intent was? he answered, it was to roast the goose.

ONE asked an extravagant young spark, why he would fell all his lands? He said, Because he was taking a journey towards heaven, and he should never come there till he had left the earth.

ONE being asked, why he inveighed so much against women, seeing so many authors had written so largely in their praise? Why truly, says he, they wrote only what women ought to be; but I say what indeed they are.

AN old lady beholding herself in a looking-glass, and spying the wrinkles in her face, threw down the glass in a rage; saying, It was strange to see the difference of glasses: says she, I have not looked in a true one these seventeen years.

A CERTAIN clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his death. No, no, doctor, says the other, you quite mistake, it was only your living I wanted.

ONE intending to travel, asked a friend of his, which was the nearest way to Rome? Why, says he, it is not far to it; for you have no more to do, but to enter in at the gate of lewd life, which leads to the street of tradition, and it will bring you strait to the palace of supremacy, and then you are at his holiness' feet, and you may kiss his toe when you please.

NOT many years ago, a certain temporal peer, having, in a most pathetic and elaborate speech, exposed the vices and irregularities of the clergy, and vindicated some gentlemen of the army, from

some imputations unjustly laid upon them; a prelate irritated by the nature, as well as the length of the speech, desired to know when the noble lord would leave off preaching? The other answered, The very day he was made a bishop.

One being sick, was counselled to think of heaven: Why, whither, says he, do you think my wife is gone? They told him, to heaven: Nay, then, says he, I care not where I go, so I come not where she is.

A TINKER was crying for work, one asked him why he did not stop the two holes in the pillory? Says the tinker, if you'll lend me your head and ears, I'll lend you hammer and nails, and give you the work into the bargain.

One praying in St. Paul's cathedral, his hat was stolen from him; of which when he complained to the standers by, You should, said one, have watched as well as prayed.

SOME gentlemen being a-drinking, a wench came up to attend them; she being not enough, in anger they knocked for more; the master coming up, asked what they called for? Said they, Must we be thus attended? Have you no more whores in the house but this? Yes, Sir, says he, pray be patient, I will fend up my own wife immediately.

A CHILD was to be christened, and the man said to his wife, Who dost thou think will be the godfather? Marry I don't know, says she; Why, Will Johnson: O the father, says she; will he be here?

A MAN complained to his wife she brought him nothing: You lie like a rogue, says she, for I bring you boys and girls without your help.

Two riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, Miller, come tell us which art thou, more knave or fool? Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

A FELLOW walking in the street in a winter-night, and seeing a handsome lantern hung out with a candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up, and going to take it, one of the servants seeing him, asked him what he meddled with the lantern for? I crave mercy, says he; I was going to snuff the candle, that I might see to go along.

ONE came to visit a gentleman in the country, and finding him eating of cherries with his spectacles on, having asked him his reason for it; he answered, The truth is, I bid my man bring me Kentish cherries, and the knave has brought me these little ones, which you see; therefore I eat them with my spectacles on to make them look bigger.

ONE said, players are idle fellows: Says another, You are mistaken, for their whole life is nothing but action.

ALONSO of Arragon used to say in commendation of age, that age appeared best in four things; old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to meet; and old authors to read.

A DRIVER chanc'd to overturn his cart far from any assistance, and was forced to stand by till he could find somebody coming that way to help him; at length a parson came, and thinking to put a joke upon the poor carter, said, How now, carter,

what! I see you have killed the devil: Yes, i'faith, master, quoth he, and I have waited two hours for a parson to bury him, and now you are come very seasonably.

A WITTY knave bargained for a seller of lace in London for so much fine lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol.

AN Oxford scholar being at Cambridge ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, so that he could never rise before dinner; being asked how he liked the place, he said, well enough, but that there is no forenoon in it.

MR. John Ogle, a private gentleman of the first troop of horse-guards, whose sister was mistress to the duke of York, being very extravagant and spending all his pay, used to make his sister supply him with money: but one time entering her chamber, when the duke was asleep in bed with her, she hearing him, immediately drew the curtain, and lifted up her hand, that he might not disturb the duke, and he should have his demands: he seemed to be satisfied therewith; but when the curtain was drawn, Jack takes away the duke's cloaths, with his star and garter, laced breeches, gold watch, and money; and went clearly off, without any body seeing him. When the duke awoke he was in a great passion on not finding his cloaths; and examining among his servants who had been in his chamber, they answered, None but Mr. Ogle. Oh! quoth the duke, Madam, you know who it is has been the thief. About a week after, the duke and several of the nobility were

walking in the park: Ogle immediately steps up to the duke, and begins to strip, saying, Here, take your cloaths again, I have better of my own at home. The duke seeing him begin to strip, and fearing the nobles should be acquainted in what manner he lost his cloaths, said, Pish, fie, Mr. Ogle, do not strip, you are welcome to them. So they parted good friends, and Ogle went off with great satisfaction.

ANOTHER time Ogle wanted a pair of boots to mount guard in, goes into a shoemaker's shop, and asked for a pair of boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walked up and down the shop, to settle them to his feet; but spying an opportunity, he ran out of the shop, and the shoemaker followed him, crying, Stop thief! stop thief! Ogle said, No, gentlemen, it is a wager: I am to run in boots, and he in shoes and stockings. Then, said the mob, Well run, boots, for shoes and stockings will never overtake thee.

THERE being a general muster of the life-guards in Hyde-park, and Ogle having lost his cloak at play, was therefore obliged to borrow his landlady's scarlet petticoat; so tying it up in a bundle, put it behind him, then mounted safe enough, as he thought, and away he went; but one of the rank perceiving the border, immediately gave the duke notice, and fell back into the rank again. The duke smiling to himself, said, Gentlemen, cloak all; which they all did except Ogle, who, stammering and starting, said, Cloak all. What a pox must we cloak for: It don't rain. But he not cloaking, the duke said, Mr. Ogle, why do not you obey the word of command? Cloak, Sir! said Ogle: what, there then; and peeping his head out

at the top of the petticat, Though I cannot cloak,
I can petticoat with the best of you.

ANOTHER time, Mr. Ogle being at Lockhart's ordinary, where he was playing at hazard with a great many lords, he had very good luck at gaming among them; therefore he ordered a porter to go up and down the streets, and to bring him as many poor people as he could get, who in a little time brought in upwards of a hundred beggars. Whereupon Ogle ordered them a shilling apiece in meat and drink. By that time they had made an end of their allowance, Mr. Ogle had broke all the persons of quality, discharging the mumpers' reckoning, and giving them sixpence apiece besides. As he was going into Spring-garden, he met the duke of Monmouth, who asked Ogle where he had been? Been! quoth he, why I have been fulfilling the scripture. Quoth the duke, I believe you know nothing of the matter. No matter for that, said Ogle, but I have filled the hungry with good things, and the rich I have sent empty away.

A COUNTRYMAN coming to London, went into a bookseller's shop to buy a bible; the man shewed him one that had a patch in the cover; the countryman was displeased at that, and would see more; whereat the master came out, asking his servant what the man would have? Sir, says the boy, he wants a bible, and he does not like this. Then the master looking on it, Why, sirrah, said he to his apprentice, I have but one double covered bible in the shop, and you must shew every one this? O, pray, said the countryman, let me have it by all means, if it be double covered, for I would fain have a lasting one; and so paid the price down most willingly.

A LADY belonging to a wealthy parish in London, having had the misfortune to bury several of her family in a little time, the sexton brought her a bill; which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some abatement, and tendered him five shillings less than he had charged. The sexton eyed the money, and at length took it up, saying, As you have been a good chap, Madam, and I expect more of your custom, I'll take it for this time, but I really cannot afford it.

A CLERGYMAN, who had led a very dissolute life about town for many years, at last made interest to go chaplain to a gentleman who was going abroad in a public character; the envoy told him, he had been thoroughly informed of his vicious courses, yet that should be no obstacle to his preferment was he not still wanting of one vice more. The parson amazed at a complaint of his deficiency in wickedness, impatiently desired to be informed in what he had failed; the envoy replied, Hypocrisy to cover all the rest.

A LADY was saying, she had overthrown her adversary; at which one of her servants said, Ay, he took the wrong sow by the ear when he meddled with her ladyship.

A CLOWNISH gentleman, who had courted a young lady; the marriage being agreed upon, he espied a pretty mare a grazing which he would have into the bargain: The gentleman being unwilling to part with his mare, the match broke off. A twelvemonth after, the formal wooer meets the lady at a fair, and would fain have renewed his old acquaintance; but she pretending ignorance at first, said, she did not know him! No, said he, do not you know me! Why, I was once a suitor to you.

I cry your mercy, Sir, said she, now I remember you; you came a wooing to my father's mare, and she is not married yet.

KING James keeping his court at Theobald's, in a time of contagion, divers constables, with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion: amongst others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a serving man) was examined what lord he belonged unto? To which he readily replied, To the Lord Jehovah: which word being beyond the constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such lord? They replied, No. However, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, *I believe it is some Scotch lord or other.*

SOME thieves met a man, robbed him, and bound him in a wood; a little after, they met with another, bound him also, and laid him on the other side of the hedge; then one of them cried out, saying, I am undone, I am undone! the other hearing him say so, prayed him, that he would come and undo him too.

SEVERAL French courtiers coming over a bridge at Paris, they saw a blind man begging, whose eyeballs appeared so fair, that many people adjudged him to be a counterfeit; a nobleman's bastard going by, said he would try the experiment; for, says he, if he can see, I am sure he knows me, by reason I pass this way so often: so he goes to the beggar, and pulls him by the nose. Says the beggar, roaring out, *You basely rogue, what is that for?* Look ye there, says the bastard, how should he have known me if he had not counterfeited?

ONE having a kinswoman come out of the country, that was never at London before, invited her abroad, and having shewed her the tombs at Westminster, came with her to the king's chapel, where the organs were playing; and entering in, he took her by the hand to lead her to a convenient seat; but she held back, saying, Indeed, cousin, you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

A WOMAN, who had been married but three days, called her husband cuckold; says her mother, Housewife, you are a drab, to begin to call your husband cuckold already; for I have been married at least thirty years to your father, and durst never tell him of it yet.

A FELLOW that used to be drunk, when he came home, wallowed about the floor, and said, He paid rent for the house, and he would ly where he pleased. At last he falls into the fire; and the maid runs to her mistress, and told her, she could not get him out: *Let him alone, says she, he pays rent for the house, let him ly where he pleases.*

A WOMAN burying her fifth husband, a man was counting with his fingers how many she had had, and he said, she made a hand of them all.

A YOUNG parson lost his way in a forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hay-lost to ly in, and some fire to dry him; the man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning, the man rose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth? Why, says he, I cannot but

think how shamed the parson will be when he awakes to find himself in bed with my wife.

AN old gentleman being sick of an imposthume, and the servants fearing his death, took what they could and went away; an old ape seeing what the rest did, found an old hat of his master's, and seeing the rest of his servants bid him adieu, he put his hat off, and bowed to him; at which the gentleman laughed so heartily, that his imposthume broke, and he recovered.

HENRY the fourth of France, being given to the love of other women, besides his queen, was sharply reproved by a rich abbot his confessor; which the king seemed to take very well, and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roasted partridges; which the king observing, asked him, why he did not eat of some other dishes which he thought better? The abbot told the king, nothing could be better to him than roasted partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The next day the king caused the abbot to be arrested for high-treason, and committed close prisoner to the Bastile, with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but partridges; which at first pleased the abbot, but having been fed with nothing but that diet for a week together, he began to nauseate it. At eight days end, the king sent for him, under the pretence of examining him; and having urged him to a confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence, and confessed nothing: Well, said the king, since you are so obstinate, you must even go to prison again: to which the abbot replied, I beseech your majesty, if I must still be confined, that I may be ordered

some other diet. Why, what diet have you? said the king. Nothing, said the abbot, but partridges. Why, said the king, you told me that was the diet you loved above any thing in the world. 'Tis true, I do, says the abbot; but to be always fed with partridges, that makes me loath it, and desire other diet. Very well, replied the king, 'Tis just so with me, my lord, I love my queen above all women in the world; but, my lord, always the queen, always the queen, this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire change of diet as well as you do: and so laughing at the abbot, set him again at liberty.

A PHYSICIAN, boasting his great knowledge in the profession, said, he never heard any complaint from his patients; a by-stander wittily replied, Very likely, doctor, for the faults of the physicians are generally buried with their patients.

THE French king having a lady in his private apartment, commanded that no one should enter till his majesty gave orders for his being seen. An officer happening to come at that time with an express, was very importunate to be admitted; but being denied, was obliged to wait till a lady in green had come out of the king's closet, soon after which he was introduced; and inquiring of his majesty's welfare, the king told him he had been somewhat indisposed, but was then perfectly recovered. The officer replied, I believe your majesty was troubled with the green-sickness, for I saw it go out at the door.

'Tis reported of one of the chaplains to the famous Montrose, that being condemned in Scotland to die for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits; and being upon the ladder, and or-

dered to set out a psalm, expecting a reprieve, he named the 119th psalm (with which the officers attending the execution complied, the Scots presbyterians being great psalm-singers); and it was well for him he did so; for they had sung it three parts through, before the reprieve came; any other psalm would have hanged him.

A MINISTER who was travelling in the west of England, happened to stop at a village on Sunday, and meeting with the church-warden, offered to give them a sermon: the church-warden asked him if he was licensed to preach? Yes, quoth the minister; and pulled out a licence in Latin: Truly, says the church-warden, I do not understand Latin; but pray let me look upon your licence, for I may perhaps pick out a word here and there. No, good Sir, quoth the minister, I will have no words picked out, for I will not have my licence spoiled.

AN Irish lawyer of the Temple, going to dinner, left these directions in his key-hole: Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you cannot read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he will read it for you.

IN Naples, a city in Italy, there happened in a great siege it endured, that the governor made a severe order, That every man should be put to death, being above such an age, that did not wear a sword. Not long after, as he was riding through the street, to see how well his order was put in execution, he espied a gentleman without one, and commanded him to be brought before him: The order was read, and he condemned to die the death appointed, which was to be hanged on the next sign-post. The gentleman, after he had pleaded several things in his own behalf, which availed nothing, desired

the favour that he might not die so ignominiously; but that the next gentleman that passed, might run him through with his sword. The request being reasonable, was granted, and the execution delayed upon those terms. It happened that a young gallant was coming from a gaming-house, who having lost all, even so much as the blade of his sword, which was good merchandize at that time, did not dare, in regard to the severe order, to go home, until a wooden one was fitted to the handle. This gentleman was stopt, and the dying man's case laid open; but this ingenious person, knowing his own insufficiency, What, said he, must I be a common executioner? Must I stain my hands in blood without passion, and be a reproach to all men? But this argument would not do, kill him he must: Then putting off his cloak, he began a prayer to this effect: Thou who seest all our transgressions here below, judge, I pray thee, and vindicate the cause of those that suffer wrong; in especial manner, grant that if this man here ought not to die, this sword may be turned into wood. Then drawing it forth, it appeared to be wood; and the dying gentleman was immediately released with abundance of joy. The wooden sword was carried with great solemnity, and hung up in the cathedral church, as a proper link to the chain of popish miracles.

A FELLOW comically disposed, having gotten a great many horns in a basket, cried New furniture, Rare furniture; whereupon a grave citizen admiring what it should be, desired to see it; and thereupon said, Why, you coxcombly fool, do you think any one is so mad as to buy such ware? Yes, marry do I, replied he, for though you are furnish-

ed, there are many, as wise as yourself, that may have occasion for them.

A VERY modest young gentleman of the county of Tipperary having attempted many ways in vain, to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him thence, by throwing stones at him. Oh! my friend, says one of his companions, your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus; for it draws the very stones about you.

A RICH citizen of London, in his will left something considerable to Christ's hospital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant sons. At the funeral the blue-coat boys were ordered, in acknowledgment of so great a gift, to sing before the corpse to the grave: As they marched through Cheapside, this extravagant son led his mother, who observing the boys make a rest, he opened his mouth in such a manner, that he was heard almost from one end of the street to the other; and still leading his mother, he continued thus singing, 'till a kinsman came to him, and stopping his mouth, asked him his reason for his irreverend and indecent carriage. Why, cousin, quoth this Ne'er-be-good, the boys there at my father's death sing for something, and won't you let me sing for nothing?

THREE young conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry; Good Morrow, father Abraham, said one; Good-morrow, father Isaac, said the next: Good-morrow, father Jacob, cried

the last. I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, cried the old gentleman, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went to seek his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them.

A COMPANY of gossips that were met to assist at a woman's labour, after the business was over, fell to chatting together, over a cup of good liquor; it being about the middle of the night, the subject of their discourse was the walking of spirits; which some affirmed to have seen, and others denied, or at least doubted the appearance of any. At last, the midwife (whose appearance bore a great sway with the rest of the company) delivered her opinion thus: For my part, I have gone up and down all hours of the night, and yet, heaven be praised, I never saw any thing worse than myself, though o' my conscience, I thought I saw the devil once.

A TUTOR bid his pupil come to school, but he slept all the while; after the exercise was done, home comes the tutor, and finding him asleep, asked, Why he did not come to the disputation? Truly, Sir, says he, I never dreamt on it.

A CLERGYMAN in the north, who had a large family, and but a very small living, betook himself to fishing for their support. It happened once, that the archdeacon, on his visitation, passed by the very river where the vicar was fishing; and seeing him dressed in black, asked him if he was the clergyman of the parish? Yes, Sir, answers the vicar. Well, quoth Mr. Archdeacon, and have you here many souls? No, says the vicar (intent on his fishing) very few, but we have flounders, gudgeons, and chub's.

MR. Prior, when he was ambassador in France, being at the opera in Paris, and seated in a box

with a nobleman belonging to the court, as soon as one of the principal performers came upon the stage, and began to sing, the nobleman, as the custom is in France, joined in the favourite air, and in accompaniment with others, so raised the concert that the voice of the performer could not be distinguished. Mr. Prior, instead of singing, as most of the company did, broke out into bitter invectives against the Italian rascal who imposed upon the audience by pretending to sing. Sir, said the marquis, who stopt to make a reply, the fellow has a most excellent voice, and I am surprised you are not charmed with it. Why, really, so he has, replied his excellency, but it is so far *below* your lordship's, that while you were pleased to sing, I could not hear a note of it.

THE late bishop Burnet happening to dine one day with the then earl of Uxbridge, who was a nobleman of great compass of thought, but somewhat of a romantic turn, and the conversation affording a fair opportunity, observed, not without design, that there was in most men some predominant passion; as, to wine, to women, to money, or the like; But as for my part, adds he, my great inclination is to tell lies. Then, says the earl with a sneer, who thought himself pointed at, your lordship is the fittest person in the world to write the history of your own times.

IN 1733, Sir Simon Stuart of Hartley, in Hampshire, looking over some old writings, found on the back of them a memorandum noting that 1500 broad pieces were buried in a certain spot in an adjoining field. Whereupon he took a servant, and after digging a little in the place, found the treasure in a pot, hid there in the time of the civil

wars by his grandfather Sir Nicholas Stuart, with this note on the top written on parchment, Rather for the devil than Oliver.

DR. ——, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, was remarkable for two things, a great stock of wit, and a great stomach; one day after dinner and half an hour's facetiousness and gluttony, just as the course was going to be removed, he began to look with unusual melancholy; every one about him wondered at the doctor's gloominess, and at last the president of the college asked him the reason. "Sir, answered he, I am extremely out of order." Dear doctor, answered the president, you look well and rosy, your colour is fresh, and you seem not to have lost your stomach. "Mr. President, replied our reverend trencherman, however well my looks may be, my case is desperate. I am not long to be a man of this world; the proof is too plain; for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall but before the last course was removed my circingle fairly touched the margin of the table; you see, notwithstanding my best endeavours at the venison pasty, I am now distant full three inches; it is no toucher; I fall strangely away, and I am a gone man!" Is that all the matter, cried the president; courage, doctor, though you have not reached at a toucher; for you must know, we have had the table moved six inches farther from the bench you sit upon, and therefore instead of losing three inches, you have gained three. "Oho! is that the busness? it is well enough then," answered the doctor, with a smile upon his countenance; and immediately resumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled home to his chamber with great chearfulness.

MR. Christopher Stephens, a tobacconist at Read-

ing, who had acquired a large fortune by his industry, but had no children of his own to inherit it, sent for a nephew out of America, to succeed him both in his business, which was very considerable, and in part of his estate; but the youth turning out wild, the dissenting minister of the place, who had a great ascendancy over the old gentleman, took occasion one day to discourse him concerning the disposal of his worldly concerns, telling him at the same time, that as he could be no stranger to his nephew's character, it would be more prudent to bequeath his fortune to charitable uses than to bestow it on one who would squander it away in pleasure and debauchery. Mr. Stephens heard him with great composure; and as he spoke through his nose, said, "Why, Sir, what you say may be very good pulpit-doctrine; but 'tis a maxim with me that charity begins at home, and my nephew can never have more pleasure in spending my money than I have had in getting of it; and therefore I'll never leave him a shilling less for being wild; for the wilder he is he'll have the more need of money." The minister, who did not expect such a return, changed the subject; but the old gentleman never relished him afterwards.

A DERVISE, as Sir John Chardin tells us, travelling through Tartary, and arriving at the city of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet to repose himself upon it after the manner of the eastern people. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business

in that place? The dervise told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that inn. The guards let him know in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not an inn, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during the debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from an inn. Sir, says the dervise, give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The king replied, His ancestors. And who, says the dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, His father. And who is it, says the dervise, that lodges here at present? The king told him, That it was he himself. And who, says the dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, The young prince his son. Ah, Sir, said the dervise, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, may as well be called an inn as a palace.

THE late reverend Basil Kennet was once chaplain in a ship of war; and as his place was to mess with his brother officers, he found they were so addicted to the impious and nonsensical vice of swearing, that he thought it not becoming his character to continue any longer among them, unless he could prevail upon them to leave it off; but conceiving at the same time that any grave remonstrance would have but little effect, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might answer his purpose. One of the company having entertained the rest with a story agreeable enough in itself, but so interrupted and perplexed with *damme! blood and*

wounds! and such like shocking expletives as made it extremely ridiculous, Mr. Kennet then began a story himself, which he made very entertaining and instructive, but interlarded it with the words *bottle, pot, and glass*, at every sentence. The gentleman who was the most given to the silly vice, fell a laughing at Mr. Kennet, with a great air of contempt. Why, said he, G-d damme, doctor, as to your story, it is well enough: but what the d—l have we to do with your d—d *bottle, pot, and glass*? Mr. Kennet very calmly reply'd, Sir, I find you can observe what is ridiculous in me, which you cannot discover in yourself; and therefore you ought not to be offended at my expletives in discourse any more than your own. —— Oh, oh! d-mme, parson, I smoke you; you shall not hear me swear another oath whilst I am in your company. Nor did he.

LORD St. John being some time ago in want of a servant, an Irishman offered his service, but being asked, What countryman he was? he answered, An Englishman. Where was you born? said his lordship. In Ireland, and please your lordship, said the man. How then can you be an Englishman? said his lordship. My lord, replied the man, supposing I was born in a stable, that is no reason I should be a horse.

THE earl of Rochester, in Charles II'd's time, was as famous for his frolics and humour as he was infamous for his vices; and one day as he was walking in the park with some of his gay companions, he saw Dr. Barrow, one of the gravest divines, and the greatest mathematician of his time, musing along the Mall, in his usual contemplative manner; and so he proposed to make up to him,

and have some drollery, as he termed it. His companions were ready enough to attend him; and upon meeting the doctor, lord Rochester making a very low bow, with great vivacity, said, Doctor, a good morning to you—I am exceedingly glad to see you—I am yours to the very *centre of gravity*. The doctor, who was not easily to be surprised, perceived his drift, and with all the composure in the world, returned the lowly bow, and said, My lord, I am yours to the *Antipodes*. This put his lordship to a short pause, but as wit is seldom at a loss—Doctor, said he, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell.—There then, replied the doctor, I will leave your lordship;—and so pursued his walk.

THE Cordeliers tell a story of their founder St. Francis, that as he passed the street in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner: upon which the good father, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving, That there were so much christian charity left in the world.

THE late Mr. Blunt, a Roman catholic gentleman of good family and large property in Oxfordshire, had contracted an intimacy with Mr. Wagstaff, a quaker, of Henley upon Thames, who had two handsome daughters: the girls were free and good-natured, and the father was jocose and dry. One time Mr. Wagstaff happening to dine at the squire's upon a fish day, took occasion to talk of religion, and wondered that Mr. Blunt, who was a man of sense, should deny himself the pleasure of eating like other folks; for thou knowest, says the quaker, what the scripture saith, That it is not what goeth into the man that defileth the man.

Mr. Blunt, willing to put an end to that kind of discourse, as the priest was present, readily replied with a smile, I know, friend Wagstaff, that must be a favourite doctrine of yours, because you taught it so early to your own daughters.

A RAW country boy in the late war having a strong fancy to go to sea, entered on board a privateer. An engagement soon happened with a French ship of greater force, in which the boy desir'd a musket and ball to kill the French captain; for, adds he, I was always sure of a carrion crow, and can hit a mark as well as the gunner himself: but the boy's request was disregarded, the privateer given up, and the whole crew made prisoners and carried into France, where the boy was daily reciting the story of his offer, always concluding, we should not have been here if I had been heard. Well, says one of the owners, if I live to get to England, I will have another ship, and a captain that shall try thee. He did so; and the first engagement that they were in, the boy fetch'd down the officers so fast that the enemy presently struck. And now, says the boy, for the honour of Old England, I'd fight a whole French company.

THE lady Elizabeth Piercy, being heiress to the great Northumberland estate, her mother was much concerned about providing a suitable match for her; accordingly she was twice married while an infant; first, to Henry Cavendish, earl of Ogle, only son to the duke of Newcastle, who died an infant; next, to Thomas Thynne, Esq; a young gentleman of vast estate, who was barbarously murdered in Pall-Mall through the instigation of count Coningsb^mark, a foreign nobleman, who had got acquainted with this lady at the court of Hanover, while

she was yet undeflowered, and wanted to marry her: upon this accident various rumours were spread, and among the rest one, that it was a judgment upon Thynne, for having debauched a young gentlewoman of good family under colour of marrying her, and basely deserting her when his uncle died and left him 10,000l. a year. *Ay, said a grave divine to whom this was told, this murder had never happened, if Thynne had either married the woman he had lain with, or lain with the lady he had married.*

NOT many years ago the then earl of Pembroke who in a renounter by night in the streets of Madrid had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprized to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light, but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked what he did there. He told her the truth without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost. Upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: *Stranger, thou art in my power: I am a murderer as thou art. Know then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A base, perfidious man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor's heart.* At these words she tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

GEORGE the first, who had frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch, was determined

in one of his journeys to avoid it, by not stopping at Helvoetfluys. It was a fine summer's day, and while they were employed in putting to horses, and disposing his majesty's baggage in the coach, he sat down on a bench before the door of the principal inn, and asked for three fresh eggs; which were brought him; and when his majesty asked, How much must I pay for eggs? the host replied, Two hundred florins. How! says the king astonished, Eggs must be very scarce than at Helvoetfluys. Pardon me, Sire, replied the sharping landlord, Eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce in this country. His majesty laughed at the reparatee, shrugged his shoulders, and ordered the money to be paid him.

A COUNTRY farmer boasting to his neighbour how successful he had been in the world, having raised a considerable fortune from a very small beginning; Well, Jeremy, says his neighbour, thank God for it. *Thank God for it!* replies Jeremy, yes, I say, thank God! But if I had not been a *devil* of a fellow, I had never been what I am.

A GREAT lord, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, that carried a white staff in his hand, as the badge of his office, was spoken to by her majesty, to see that such a man had such a place conferred on him. Madam, replied the lord, the disposal of that place was given to me by your majesty, at the time I received this staff.—The queen answered, That she had so bestowed any thing, but she still reserved herself of the quorum. Of the quorum, madam, said the earl! On which the queen, incensed, snatched his staff out of his hand, saying, Sir, before you obtain this again, you shall understand, that I am of the quorum, quorum, quorum: and

so kept his staff a few days, when, upon his sub-
mission, it was restored.

A SEA captain, who, in company with a friend, went to view the king's wardrobe, wherein was a rich piece of arras, representing the portraits of some eminent commanders; but missing his own picture, and entertaining a high opinion of his own services, he complained of the injury to his friend, professing that he merited a place as well as some therein. Be content, quoth his friend, thou hast been an old pirate, and art reserved for another hanging.

THOMAS Aquinas came to Pope Innocent the third, in whose presence they were at that time telling a great sum of money: Thou seest, Thomas, said the pope, that the church need not say as she did at her beginning, Silver and gold have I none. Thomas, without study, replied, You say true, ho-
ly father; nor can the church say now, as the an-
cient church said to the cripple, Arise, walk, and
be whole.

A HUMOROUS fellow was wont to say, That in Christendom there were neither scholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough; and when answer was made, that of all these there were too great a plenty: he used to reply, that if there were scholars enough, so many would not be doubly or trebly benefited; if gentlemen enough, so many persons would not be ranked among the gentry; and if Jews enough, so many Christians would not profess usury.

A PHYSICIAN of Milan, who undertook the cure of madness, had a pit of water in his house, in which he dipt his patients, some up to the knees, some to the girdle, some to the chin, as they were

more or less affected. One of them who was nearly recovered, stood at the door, and seeing a person ride by, with a hawk on his hand, well mounted, and followed by spaniels, he enquired the cause of this preparation. The man told him, to kill certain fowls. The patient then demanded, what might accrue from all the game he killed in the year: he replied, Eight or ten crowns: with which the patient bid him be gone; For, said he, if our master comes and finds thee here, he will put thee into the pit amongst madmen up to the very chin.

A CERTAIN officer in the army used to take it in his head, when he had drank a glass of wine extraordinary, to fire off, and play tricks with his pistols. One night having been drinking pretty freely with some friends, when he came home, he ordered his footman, who was an Irishman, newly hired, to bring him his pistols. Teague obeyed; the captain loaded them both, and having locked the door, he commanded his man to hold one of the candles at arm's length, while he snuffed it with a ball. Prayers and intreaties were in vain, and comply he must, and did, though trembling. The captain performed the operation at the first attempt; then laying down his pistols, was going to unlock the door; Teague catches up the pistol, which remained loaded, Arrah, master, says he, but now you must take up t'other candle, and let me have my shoot too. The captain called him rogue and rascal, but to no purpose: Teague was now vested with power, and would be obliged. Accordingly his master extended the candle; but this being the first time of performing this new fashion, and English method of candle-snuffing, he not only

miffed the candle, but shot off a button from the breast of the captain's coat; which narrow escape had so good an effect, that it cured him of this humour of turning marksman in his cups.

THE emperors of China elect their wives from among their own subjects, and if they are accomplished in beauty and virtue, regard not their state and condition, insomuch that the empresses are, for the most part, the daughters of artizans.

ONE of these was the daughter of a mason, and when she was queen, ever kept by her an iron trowel.

WHEN the prince, her son, behaved himself haughtily, she shewed him that instrument, with which his grandfather used to lay stones for his living, and by that means reduced him to better behaviour.

KING Herod after his enquiry about the time of the birth of the new king of the Jews, which the wise-men of his nation said was then born, inhumanly caused a great number of innocents to be slain: Augustus Cæsar, being certified of this at Rome, said, It was better to be Herod's pig than his son; in allusion to the custom of the Jews, who kill no hogs, as not being permitted to eat swine's flesh.

MALCOLM, king of Scotland, having laid siege to Alnwick-Castle, which being unable to resist him, must have inevitably fallen into his hands, as no relief could be expected; whereupon a young Englishman, without any other arms than a slight spear in his hand, at the end whereof hung the keys of the castle, rode into the enemies camp, and approaching near the king, stooping the lance, as if he intended to present him with the keys of

the garrison, but at the same time made such a home thrust at the king, that piercing him into his brain, through one of his eyes, he fell down dead, and the bold undertaker escaped by the swiftness of his horse.

FROM this desperate action, he took upon himself the name of Percie, or Pierce-eye. And from him descended the antient earls of Northumberland.

A CERTAIN lady's footman, having scraped together as much money as would purchase a lottery ticket, had his head filled with the thoughts of the ten thousand pounds; having given a linen waistcoat to the maid to be washed, she found in one of the pockets the following note.

“ As soon as I have got the ten thousand pounds, I'll marry Grace Towers; but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a pot of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar. Then I'll sleep again till ten. Then I'll have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be upon the table by one, and a good pudding. I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. In the afternoon, about five, I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch. At ten an hot supper of two dishes. If I am in humour, Grace shall sit down. Go to bed at twelve.”

BUT alas, at the drawing, poor Robin's ticket came up a blank, and spoiled all his fine scheme of future life.

AN astrologer predicted the death of king Henry the seventh such a year. The king sent for him, and asked, If he could tell fortunes? He replied in the affirmative. The king then asked, If he did not foresee some imminent danger, that much about

that time should hang over his own head? he replied in the negative.

THEN, said the king, Thou art a foolish figure-caster; and I am more skilful than thou; for as soon as I saw thee, I instantly prophesied, that thou shouldest be in prison before night, which thou shalt find true. He was immediately sent thither.

—He had not been long in custody when the king sent for him again to know, if by casting a figure, he could ascertain the time of his dismission.—He answered in the negative.—Then said the king, Thou art an illiterate fellow, that canst not foretell good or bad, that shall befall thyself: therefore I conclude thou canst not tell mine; and then set him at liberty.

A SCOT'S proclamation for holding of a fair—
O yes! and that's ae time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's thierd, and last time. All manner of pearson or pearsons, whosoever let 'em draw near, and I shall let them kenn, that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, whein if any hustrin, custrin, land-łopper, dub-skouper, or gang the gate swinger, shall bread any dirdam, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle trone with a nail of twal a penny, until he dawn on his hobshanks, and up with his muckle doaps; and pray to hea'n neen times.—God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforesaid manner.—So you have heard my proclamation, and I'll gang haam to my dinner.

THE pope, to congratulate Charles cardinal of Lorrain for his great zeal against the Lutherans,

sent him his letter of thanks, and withal the picture of the virgin, with our Saviour in her arms, being the master-piece of that great artist Michael Angelo.

THE messenger in his journey fell sick; and meeting with a merchant at Lucca, who pretended a connection with the cardinal, delivered the pope's letter and present to him, in order to convey them to the cardinal.—This merchant conceived an implacable aversion to the cardinal, for divers injuries he had done him; and therefore determined to embrace this opportunity of revenge.

BEING arrived at Paris, he procured a limner to draw a picture of equal size, in which, instead of the virgin Mary, were drawn at full length, the cardinal, the queen, his niece, the queen's mother, and the duke of Guise, all stark naked, with their arms about his neck, and their legs twisted with his.—This being put up together with the paper letters, was delivered to one of the cardinal's secretaries, while he was with the king in council.

AT his return, the cardinal (having read the letter) deferred the opening of the case till next day; where having invited many nobles and ladies, he found himself miserably disappointed, and was exceedingly confounded and ashamed.

A CONSTABLE carri'd a big-bellied wench before a justice, and said, *An't please your worship, I have brought you a maid with child.* The wench called him fool and knave: she being reproved, said, *He must needs be one of them; for, said she, if I am a maid, he is a fool to think I am with child; and if I am not with child, he is a knave for saying I am.*

A COLLECTION of RIDDLES.

I'M thick, I'm thin, I'm short and long,
 And lov'd alike by old and young;
 I make diseases, and I heal,
 And know what I shall ne'er reveal.
 The fairest virgin, fraught with pride,
 No beauty from my view can hide.
 I rack the miser, cure the sor,
 And make, and oft detect a plot;
 No lover, that would happy be,
 Desires his mistress more than me:
 Yet tho' a thousand charms I have,
 Next step from me is to the grave.

Answer, a Bed.

MY birth is mean, my bulk is small,
 Yet by my pow'r high buildings fall.
 I speak loud, yet want a tongue;
 Not Sampson's arm was half so strong;
 Like him, no gates my progress stay,
 And by my death I thousands slay;
 I seldom wound 'till I am dead,
 And, e'er I win the field, am fled.
 No feet I have, yet swiftly run,
 And never speak till I'm undone.
 With clouds the troubled air I fill,
 And seldom touch the wretch I kill:
 Note, by my habit you would swear
 That I some country parson were;

G

But when I take my soldier's hue,
My colours then are red and blue.

Answer, Gun-powder.

IN a small cell I live that is arch'd over head,
Not with stone, brick, or plaster, wood, silver
or lead;
I am grateful to all, from the clown to the prince,
Yet excepting my feeling I want ev'ry sence.
Tho' sometimes in dainties and wealth I abound,
I'm sometimes so poor that I lie on the ground;
No liquor or food in my house to be found.
I travel as well by night as by day,
And am seldom or never found out of my way.
If you touch but my door, tho' I can't see or hear,
(As already I've said) yet I know you are there.
I strait make all fast, and will open to none;
For to open my door when with force you contrive,
I'm turn'd out of doors, robb'd and buried alive.

Answer, an Oyster.

I Know a lady young and fair,
That has a thing o'er-grown with hair,
With which she takes delight in bed,
And dearly loves to have it fed.

Answer, a Lady's Lap-dog.

I'M in ev'ry one's way, yet no Christian I stop,
My four horns ev'ry day
Horizontally play,
And my head is nail'd down at the top.

Answer, a Turnstile.

READER, it is my fate to be
A slave to one who wears my livery,

A person of vile character; in brief,
 A noted sabbath-breaker and a thief.
 In fawcy manner he has often said,
 He once did entertain a crowned head.
 No wonder then, you hear him oft complain,
 Whilst I'm at work the rascal to maintain.
 He takes his pleasures and he lolls at ease,
 But takes due care my labour shall not cease;
 With endless tasks he keeps me still employ'd,
 As if my strength could never be destroy'd.
 But constant toil disorders inward breed,
 And wears my constitution out with speed;
 My bowels (sure prognostic of decay!)
 With wind or water rumble night and day:
 My thirst is sometimes so intense, that I
 (You'd almost swear) would drink a river dry.
 And what is more remarkable, is this,
 As often as I drink, so oft I piss.
 And tho' I make large meals, I'm never sick
 At stomach, my discharges are so quick.
 Then what is my disease, perhaps you'll query,
 A diabetes, or a lientery;
 Alas! too sure, 'tis both in complication;
 My drink runs thro' me without alteration.
 And what I eat it does me little good,
 For why? My excrements are perfect food.
 And therefore 'tis become a common rule,
 To watch me well whene'er I go to stool.

Answer, a Corn-mill.

WHAT's that in which good housewives
 take delight?
 Which, tho' it has no legs, will stand upright.
 'Tis often us'd, both sexes must agree,

Beneath the navel, yet above the knee.
 At th' end it has a hole; 'tis stiff and strong,
 Thick as a maiden's wrist, and pretty long.
 To a soft place 'tis very oft apply'd,
 And make's the thing 'tis us'd to still more wide;
 The women love to wriggle it to and fro,
 That what lies under may the wider grow.
 By giddy sluts sometimes it is abus'd,
 But by good housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
 That it may fitter for their purpose be,
 When they to occupy the same are free.
 Now tell me, merry ladies, if you can,
 What this must be, that is no part of man.

Answer, a Rolling-Pin.

WITHOUT edge it cuts, without tongue
 it sings;
 Foams without anger; and flies without wings.

Answer, Bottled Ale.

IDAILY breathe, yet have no life,
 And kindle feuds, yet cause no strife.

Answer, a Pair of Bellows.

AHEAD and body large I have,
 Stomach and bowels too,
 One winding gut of mighty length,
 Where all my food goes through,
 But what's more strange, my food I take
 In at the lower end,
 And all, just like a drunken rake,
 Out at my mouth I send.

Answer, a Pump.

WHAT force and strength could not get
 through,
 I with a gentle touch can do;

And many in the street would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.

Answer, a Key.

WITH a badge on my back,
Of red, orange, and black,
I travel the nation all over,
And however abus'd,
Without violence us'd,
Will never my bus'ness discover;
I'm of service to state,
To the poor and the great,
To the tradesman, mechanic and beau;
Some of whom I attend
Every day as a friend,
But to others bring sorrow and woe.
All kindly receive me,
And would you believe me,
Scarce ever refuse me to pay;
For whoever does this,
Take it well or amiss,
With him not a moment I stay.

Answer, a Letter.

MY proper title I forsake,
And often that of others take:
Sometimes a king in stately pride,
With lofty majesty I stride;
Sometimes with sprightly nymphs and swains
I trip it o'er the flow'ry plains;
Sometimes I fleet aloft in air,
And oftentimes quite disappear;
In varicous shapes I'm known to be,
And children often start at me.

Answer, a Shadow.

LEGS have I got, yet seldom do I walk;
 I back bite many, yet I never talk:
 In secret places most I seek to hide me,
 For he who feeds me never can abide me.

Answer, a Flea.

THE staff of life, my parent was,
 Earth was my natural bed,
 By slow degrees my strength increas'd,
 'Till plenty crown'd my head.
 Of all that plenty, earthly spoil'd,
 An useles length I lay,
 'Till art perceiv'd my virtuous power,
 And pay'd my fortune's way.
 Now honour'd by the lovely maid,
 Thro' sylvan scenes I rove;
 With her to purling streams I stray,
 With her I seek the grove.
 Her beauty's bloom, 'tis I preserve,
 When grateful for her favour,
 Her temples I with joy surround,
 And from the sun-beams save her.

Answer, a Straw Hat.



EPIGRAMS, REPARTEES, &c.

The world.

THIS world is the best that we live in,
 To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
 But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
 It is the worst world that ever was known.

To a lady of pleasure.

MY heart is proud your chains to wear,
But reason will not stoop;
I love that angel's face, but fear
The serpent in your hoop.

That circle is a magic spell,
To make the wisest fall;
Its center black and deep, like Hell,
Contains the devil and all.

Your eyes discharge the darts of love:
But, oh! what pains succeed!
When darts shall pins and needles prove,
And love a fire indeed!

On a pack of cards.

HENCE, ye deluding, subtle, painted foes;
Back to the devil, whence ye first arose:
A pack of you, scarce worth a single groat,
Have thousands, oft e'er now, reduc'd to nought!
Women with you do pass loose time away;
You, who no less inconsistant are than they:
Ye rob men's days of bus'ness and delights,
Of sweet and precious sleep, ye rob their nights;
In short, whatever game is play'd with you,
Knaves commonly have got the most to do.

The fortunate sailor.

HONEST Jack and his wife once to sea took a
trip,
When a sudden cross wind overset the light ship,
Hand-in-hand over deck went this couple together,
Susan sunk like a stone, and Jack swam like a feather;

Thank my stars! says the man (safe escap'd from the flood)

'Tis a bad wind indeed that blows nobody good.

The mouse.

A Little mouse, as from the cat it got,
 With fear ran up Miranda's petticoat:
 The fair half mad---' your hand up higher slip!
 'The little devil's got upon my hip!---
 I, swift as thought, to her assistance flew,
 And by the tail the mouse from under drew:
 Officious fool!---what have I gather'd thence?
 She ne'er would bear me in her presence since.

A dish for the devil.

O NE ask'd on what I thought the devil fed?
 I told him L----rs were his daily bread:
 Nay, friend, quoth he, he sometimes eats a D----r
 Made into jellies, or a pickled P----r.

To a sempstress.

O H! what bosom but must yield,
 When, like Pallas, you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance?
 Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art;
 And in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

On seeing a young lady accidentally break a glass.
 By her brother.

SEE, sister, in this shatter'd glass
 The fate of many a pretty lass:

Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,
Is apt to slip, is apt to break:
Therefore, guide every step with caution,
For just like glass is reputation!
Both broke to pieces in once falling,
For ever lost, and past recalling.

Hardship upon the ladies: or, the drudgery of cards.
By Swift.

WHAT tho', fair nymphs, your business is to play,
'Tis hard you must be busy night and day.
Why should you want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversion now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And that they were not I can see no cause)
The men should drudge at cards from morn to night,
And female pleasure be to read and write.

On a slender collection for charity at Bath.

SO little given at the church-door!---
This people doubtless must be poor!
So much at gaming thrown away!
No nation, sure, so rich as they.----
Britons, 'twere greatly for your glory,
Should those, who shall transmit your story
Their notions of your grandeur frame,
Not as you give----but as you game.

The charitable fair-one.

BElinda has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis heaven to lie within her arms;
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in heaven.

On Love.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed;
Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

Wrote by a traveller on the window of a thatched cot.

STAY traveller, and tho' within
Nor gold, nor glitt'ring gems are seen,
To strike the ravish'd eye;
Yet enter, and thy well-pleas'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold can never buy:
Within this solitary cell
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere:
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
And banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fix'd her mansions here.

On Cloe.

BRIGHT as the day, and as the morning fair,
Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

Truth told at last.

SAYS Colin in rage, contradicting his wife,
' You never told me one truth in your life.'
Vex'd Fanny no way could his thesis allow;
You're a cuckold, says she, do I tell you truth now?

Thomas's Courtship.

THOMAS in High-Dutch once did court a wench,
And to his cost, she answer'd him in French.

An E P I G R A M.

TIS said, when first restless love
 To cast his darts began,
 He turn'd his skill and power, to prove
 Great Jove into a swan.
 Experience now can fairly shew,
 That still the wedding noose,
 Whether the passion's false or true,
 Oft makes a man a goose.

Wrote by a lady in her prayer-book.

OFT on my knees at church I've been,
 One pray'r, my first and last;—
 A husband is the thing I mean,
 Good lord! I am in haste.

On a man's choice whether he would be hanged or married. By the Earl of Rochester.

LO! here's the bride, and there's the tree,
 Take which of these best likest thee.
 The bargain's bad on either part;
 The woman's worst;—drive on the cart.
 Were women little as they're good,
 A peascod would make them gown and hood.

An E P I G R A M.

SCarce had five months expir'd since Ralph did
 wed,
 When lo! his fruitful wife was brought to bed.
 How now, quoth Ralph---this is too soon, my Kate?
 No, Ralph, quoth she---you marry'd me too late.

Celia's complaint. An Epigram.

AS Celia once to Damon did confess
Her husband's impotence, and ask'd redress:
Young Damon answer'd---Cuckold him, my dear,
Such worthless apes should horns for ever wear.
To which the nymph reply'd, with graceful ease,
Ah! Sir, I can't---but you may if you please.

An epigram on bad dancers to good music.

IN vain Apollo makes the sounding lyre,
And from dead embers calls the living fire;
While fools, unguided by the tuneful sound,
In awkward measures dance the mazy round:
Thus Orpheus sung: and thus the beasts obey'd,
Mov'd in such order to the tunes he play'd.

*King James coming to the house of Sir ----- Pope, Kt.
when his lady was lately delivered of a daughter,
was presented with a paper, containing the following verses:*

SEE, this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a Pope—

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold;
She hardly is a sevennight old,
And yet she is a Pope—

No king her feet did ever kifs,
Or had from her worse look than this,
Nor did she ever hope,
And yet she is a Pope—

A female pope, you'll say, a second Joan,
 No, sure, she is pope innocent or none,
 To faint one, with a rope,
 And yet she is a Pope.

An EPIGRAM.

AS Philo's wife lay dead, to calm his grief,
 He to Clarinda flies, and finds relief;
 She too was crying on her husband's score;
He's dead! he's gone! alas! he is no more.
 Since they are dead, poor souls! he, Philo, cries,
 "Twill be in vain to grieve, come, dry your eyes;
 Our care is just the same, away with sorrow,
 One day's enough for that, we'll wed to-morrow.

Written by Dr. Swift on his own deafness.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone;
 To all my friends a burden grown;
 No more I hear my church's bell,
 Than if it rang out for my knell:
 At thunder now no more I start,
 Than at the rumbling of a cart:
 Nay, what's incredible, alack!
 I hardly hear a woman's clack.

A real case.

AWIT told Celia, that the fair
 In fame resembled China ware.
 Indeed! says she---well, if we do,
 I've had this dish years twenty-two.
 To prove its strength, she took it up,
 And whilst she prais'd it, crack'd the cup.

On Money. An Epigram.

Money, 'tis said, is evil's root,
Yet justly may we doubt it;
Can we expect good thriving fruit
From any stock without it?

The maiden's disappointment. By Lord Rochester.

ONE night as I lay slumb'ring in my bed,
Having nought with me but my maidenhead,
Methought a gallant came, as gallants they can do
Much with young ladies, and with old ones too:
He woo'd, he su'd, at last he sped;
Marry'd methought we were, and both in bed.
He rous'd, turn'd up-- with that I squeak'd,
Blush'd, and cry'd Oh! and so awak'd.
It would have vex'd a saint, when flesh did burn,
To be so near, and miss so good a turn.
Oh! cruel dream! why did you deceive me?
To shew me heaven, and then in hell to leave me,
Or else to shew me what you ne'er design'd to
give me.

On Marriage.

Marriage is a country-dance,
Where unthinking man and wife,
Who at first have met by chance,
Soon are partners fix'd for life.
Crossing fist, they figuring meet,
Hands with eager pressure take;
Falling off, to others set;
And conclude with back to back.

Resignation an excellent virtue.

RICHARD O' TH' GREEN, GROWN OLD AND VERY POOR,
For Sunday's change had but the shirt he wore.
Wakes, fairs, or markets, or whatever came,
He wore the linen turn'd, but still the same.
Whene'er 'twas wash'd, or when a bleaching spread,
He stript to buff, and lay the while in bed.
At last, as drying in the sun-shine laid,
Some thief, that made no conscience of his trade,
A faithless trimbrush, who ne'er fail'd the sport,
Skulk'd slyly by, and stole away the shirt.
The good old wife scream'd out aloud, undone!
O husband! Gaffer! O thy shirt is gone!
He cries in bed---Peace, fool, is that such news?
'Those that have something, they must something lose.'

The afflicted Parson.

ACORNISH VICAR WHILE HE PREACH'D,
Of patient Job did speak,
Found to his grief, when he came home,
His cask had sprung a leak.
Enrag'd!—his wife did then advise,
Job for a pattern chuse:
But Job, he said, had never such
A tub of ale to lose.

Vulcan a Bankrupt.

TOM SLEDGE THE BLACKSMITH, BY HIS FREQUENT
whets,
And spending much, contracted many debts.
In this distress, he, like some other fools,
Pull'd down his forge, and sold off all his tools;

Nothing was left that would fetch any price,
But after all was sold, he kept his vice.

On a gentleman at an assembly where they drew lots for partners.

PETER the witty does declare,
He'll dance with none but what are fair;
And should he draw an ugly dame,
He'd sacrifice her to the flame.
But now, to give the D—l his due,
Suppose the ladies shou'd resolve like you,
And vow they never would dispense
Their favours but to men of sense;
And not to trip it but with those
Who are as handsome as their cloaths:
Should they do this—Well, Sir, what then?
Why, Sir, you'd never dance again.

The Tippling Philosopher.

TOM, studious all the morning, thinks,
And all the afternoon he drinks;
A dry way sure is his of thinking,
Which can require such after-drinking.

On a Papist's praying to the Statue of a Saint.

WHEN you before an image kneeling down,
Cry, with grave face, *Our Father* to the
stone;
Forgive me if I say you seem to me,
More senseless than the thing to which you pray;
As you yourself by this expression own,
For he's a *block* whose father is *a stone*.

On an ugly woman in the dark.

WHilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren in thy
tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

*Inscribed on a column erected on a piece of land that
had been often bought and sold.*

IWhom thou see'st begirt with tow'ring oaks,
Was once the property of John o'Nokes;
On him prosperity no longer smiles,—
And now I feed the flocks of John o'Stiles.
My former master call'd me by his name;
My present owner fondly does the same;
While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs:
Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
For, Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

The S P E L L.

WHene'e, I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye pow'r's that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour give,
Or let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
And I'm destin'd to the snare,
Let mine, ye pow'r's! be doubly fair.

THUS pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
While Cupid at his elbow stood;
And twitching him, said, Youth be wife,
Ask not impossibilities:
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:

But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court me bright Phillis o' the Brain;
The dear *idea* long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet;
Their beauty's but a *spell* to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring,
Ere the sack-posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem'd to suck her springing soul.
These, and the rest, you doted on,
Are nauseous and insipid grown;
The *spell* dissolves, the *cloud* is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

The Robber robbed.

A Certain priest had hoarded
A mass of secret gold;
And, where he might bestow it safe,
He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his thought
To lock it in a chest,
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Did long for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words,
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotting out
 The priest's inscript, thereon
 Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic;*
 Your god is rose, and gone.

The Lout looking for his heifer. A tale.

IT so befel,---a silly swain
 Had sought his heifer long in vain :
 For wanton, she had frisking stray'd,
 And left the lawn to seek the shade.
 Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
 Then to the wood, in haste he hies ;
 Where singling out the tallest tree,
 He climbs in hopes to hear or see.

ANON, there chanc'd that way to pass
 A jolly lad and buxom lass :
 The place was apt, the pastime pleasanter ;
 Occasion with her forelock present :
 The girl agog, the gallant ready ;
 So lightly down he lays my lady ;
 But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
 That she some certain charms display'd,
 Which with such wonder struck his sight,
 (With wonder much ; more with delight)
 That loud he cry'd, in rapture, What !
 What see I, gods ! what see I not !
 But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,
 'Twas more than well could be express'd.

THE clown aloft, who lent an ear,
 Strait stopt him short in mid career :
 And louder cry'd, Ho ! honest friend,
 That of thy seeing seest no end ;
 Dost see the heifer that I seek ?
 If dost, pray be so kind as speak.

Verses written on the gates of Bologna in Italy, much admired by travellers, and others who have by chance met with them.

WHAT, if the stateliest buildings were thy own?
What, if the choicest fruits thy table crown?
If thou hast heaps on heaps of gold in store,
And each succeeding year still adding more?
What, if thou hadst the fairest, kindest wife,
To be the sweet companion of thy life?
If thou art bless'd with sons, a large estate,
And all around magnificent and great;
What, if thou'rt comely, valiant, rich and strong,
And teachest others in each art, each tongue;
If thou hast numerous servants at command,
All things in store, and ready to thy hand;
If thou wert king, commander of a nation
Full thousand happy years without vexation;
If fortune rais'd thee to the highest strain
Of grandeur, wealth, and dignity. "What then?
Soon, very soon, all ends and comes to nought;
Virtue alone's the greatest glory sought:
Obey th' Almighty's will, from hence arise
All happiness within, in this all glory lies.

The disappointed husband.

AScolding wife so long a sleep possest'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest.
Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was sugar-rolls and fack:
Two mourning staffs stood centry at the door,
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks and tears and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-yard.

When, see of narrow streets what mischiefs come!
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home.
 By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
 And madam from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd! the undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes, and wine quite thrown away.
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
 The tender husband took especial care
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.

Poor Dick. A Tale.

AS Richard walk'd with Peggy, hand in hand,
 Reason could scarce their fierce desires com-
 mand,
 His wishing eyes did his fond longings tell,
 Her breasts with equal longings rose and fell.
 Peggy was bashful, Richard was too flow,
 Both long'd to tell their wish, yet knew not how.
 In trembling accent Richard thus begun,
 Peggy, your beauty has my peace undone;
 Where'er I go you still are in my mind,
 No other thought can there admittance find;
 Or thrashing here, or praying in the pew,
 Your image does my scattered thoughts pursue.
 He said; and blushing turn'd his face away,
 To hear what Peggy in return would say;
 Who was o'erjoy'd to hear the swain so kind,
 And was resolv'd she would not lag behind.
 Richard, said she,
 I've often thought your hands were softer much
 Than any swain's that I did ever touch:

Your pleasant eyes with greater luster shine,
And cherry cheeks, and whitest teeth are thine;
Your shining hair in gayer wringlets flows,
And every feature still superior shews.

O'erjoy'd, the shepherd kiss'd the lovely maid,
Which she with wanton eagerness repaid.

A kiss, good gods! which might the coldest fire,
And raise in wintry age a young desire:
But he, who never knew the like before,
Broke into vile abuse, and call'd her whore;
To hawking fell, and wiping of his mouth,
And often swore, the kiss was quite uncouth.

Peggy, finding her kindness thus abus'd,
Of weak stupidity the swain accus'd;
Shew'd him his folly and her kind intent,
And blushing told him what that softness meant;
Richard with tears his folly did repent,
And try'd each art the damsel to content,
But all in vain, Peggy would ne'er relent;
Enrag'd, she swore she would revenge the trick,
So sent him packing with an---Ah poor Dick!

A description of the morning in town.

NOW hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.

Now Betty from her master's bed had scarcely flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The slip-shod prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd the mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to wash the entry and the stairs.
The youth with bemony stumps began to trace
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drown'd with shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his lordship's door began to meet ;
 And brick-dust Moll has scream'd thro' half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
 Duly let out at night to steal for fees.
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands ;
 And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

The captain and sailor. A tale.

AS John, the sailor, and his lass
 One morn were tripping o'er the grass,
 To gather white-thorn, as they say,
 It being on the first of May,
 They did a jolly captain meet,
 And courteously each other greet.
 First John the sailor touch'd his hat,
 The captain bow'd, began to chat;
 Saying, John, pray how came this to pass,
 Where pick'd you up this comely lass,
 With rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
 Those snowy breasts that fall and rise,
 Tempting to some more secret bliss ?
 Oh ! John, I must,---must have a kiss;
 And you, whene'er you meet my dame,
 Shall welcome be to do the same.

Now, some days after, being fair,
 The captain walk'd to take the air;
 Led in his hand his comely bride,
 Which luckily young Johnny spy'd;
 And bowing said, Sir, you know what,
 I hope you ha'n't your word forgot ?
 No, John (he answer'd) by my life,
 'Tis your turn now,---see here's my wife.

John smiling, cock'd his hat aside,
 And boldly kis'd the captain's bride,
 Crying, ye gods! I'd give a crown,
 Had he but laid my Nancy down.
 What then (quoth madam) would you do?
 Why we'd have had a tumble too.

The law-suit.

TWO parties had a diff'rence, and the cause
 Did come to be decided by the laws:
 The bribing plaintiff did the judge present
 With a new coach, t'other, with same intent,
 Gives him two horses; each with like design,
 To make the judge to his own side incline.
 The cause being try'd, the plaintiff's overthrown;
 O coach, said he, thou art the wrong way gone!
 The judge reply'd, It cannot but be so;
 For where his horses draw, your coach must go.

The Nonpareil.

EARLY this morn, a time to muses kind,
 Willing to draw one woman to my mind,
 Wise without pride, without coquetting fair,
 Chaste as the unblown rose, yet free as air;
 In language easy, and in temper sweet,
 And moderately learn'd, and simply great;
 Who ne'er one step from virtue's paths had trod,
 True to her friend, but truer to her God.
 But when I on the picture thought, I cry'd,
No such can be, and flung my pen aside.
 My muse then kindly whisper'd, *Such can be*,
 Bid me Eliz'beth write-----and that was she.

Giles Jolt and his cart.

GILES Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
G. Some pilf'ring villain stole his team away:
 Giles wakes and cries, What's here? a dickins, what!
 Why how now---Am I Giles, or am I not?
 If he---I've lost six geldings to my smart:
 If not---Oddsbusdikins, I've found a cart.

The best cure for Love.

OF two reliefs, to cure a love-sick mind,
 Flavia prescribes despair; I urge be kind.
 Flavia be kind: The remedy's as sure,
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

To Charinus, an ugly woman's husband.

CHARINUS, 'twas my hap of late,
C To have a sight of thy dear mate:
 So white, so flourishing, so fair,
 So trim, so modest, debonnair;
 That if good Jove wou'd grant to me
 A lease of beauties, such as she,
 I'd give the devil, at one word,
 Two, that he'd take away the third.

A lame Beggar.

I Am unable, yonder beggar cries,
 To stand or move; if he says true, he lies.

The Courtier and the Scholar.

A Haughty courtier meeting in the streets
A A scholar, him thus insolently greets;
 Base men to take the wall, I ne'er permit;
 The scholar said, I do, and gave him it.

On a stingy Beau.

CURIO's rich side-board seldom sees the light,
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright;
His knives and forks all rang'd in even rows,
No hands molest, or fingers interpose;
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
For ever still; whose flyers never fly:
His plates unsullied, shining on the shelf;
For Curio dresses nothing, but himself:

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing?
In ancient time, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at board and bed;
But hard's his case, who can't afford,
His charmer either bed or board.

On Crassus, a covetous parson.

UNIFORM'D in nature's shop while Crassus lay,
A cumb'rous heap of coarse neglected clay,
Pray, Madam, says the foreman of the trade,
What of yon paltry rubbish must be made?
For 'tis too gross, said he, and unrefin'd,
To be the carcase of a thinking mind;
Then 'tis too lumpish, and too stiff to make
A fop, a beau, a witling, or a rake;
Nor is it for a lady's footman fit,
For ladies' footmen must have sense and wit:
A warrior must be vigilant and bold,
And therefore claims a brisk and airy mould;
A statesman must be skill'd in various arts,
A mistress must have charms, a pimp have parts.

A lawyer without craft will get no fees,
 This matter, therefore, will make none of these;
 In short, I plainly think it good for nought,
 But, Madam, I desire your better thought.
 Why, Tom, said she, in a disdainful tone,
 Amongst the sweeping let it then be thrown.
 Or make—— a parson of the useless stuff,
 'Twill serve a preaching blockhead well enough.

The real affliction.

DORIS, a widow past her prime,
 Her spouse long dead, wailing doubles;
 Her real griefs increase by time,
 And what abates, improves her troubles.
 Those pangs her prudent hopes suppress'd,
 Impatient now she cannot smother:
 How should the helpless woman rest?
 One's gone;----nor can she find another.

*Grace after Meat; spoken extempore by a gentleman
 at the table of a Miser, who, once in his life,
 made a sumptuous entertainment.*

THanks for the miracle; for 'tis no less
 Than to eat manna in the wilderness:
 Where hunger reign'd, there we have found relief,
 And seen the wonder of a chine of beef.
 Chimnies have smoak'd that never smoak'd before,
 And we have eat where we shall eat no more.

*On Sir Marmaduke Wywill's receiving three letters
 by the same post, advising of the death of his
 mistress, his wife, and his horse.*

I'VE lost my mistress, horse and wife;
 But when I think on human life,

I'm glad it is no worse.
 My wife was ugly, and a scold;
 My mistress was grown lean, and old;
 I'm sorry for my horse.

The WISH. By a young Lady.

I Ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,
 Nor wealth, nor pompous titles will I have;
 But since 'tis doom'd thro' all degrees of life,
 Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife,
 That females should the stronger males obey,
 And yield implicit to their lordly sway;
 Since this, I say, is woman's fate,
 Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.

S Y L V I A.

CRIES Sylvia to a rev'rend dean,
 What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That there are none in heaven?
 There are no women, he reply'd:
 She quick returns the jest—
 Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest.

On the derivation of the word News.

THE word explains itself without the Muse,
 And the four letters speak whence come the
 news:
 From North, East, West, and South, solution's made,
 Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

*On the marriage of Miss LAMB to Mr. LION, who
from a great rake became a good husband.*

THAT love works miracles we find;
Lo! this event discovers;
An union of amazing kind!
Who thought they'd e'er be lovers?
Posterity will think it strange,
Believe it all a sham,
When they are told the mighty change,
That Lion sports with Lamb.
Farther—how wond'rous 'twill appear,
Which may well say fie on,
When they with truth this story hear,
A Lamb has tam'd a Lion.

The various Humours of Mankind.

GIVE me a charming lass, young Rakish cries,
I know no happiness, but love's sweet joys,
Give me the bottle, says the red-fac'd sot,
Damn whores, they are not worth a single pot,
For flights and similes the poet raves;
The learn'd philosopher true knowledge craves;
The parson for a benefice lays wait;
The proud man covets to be rich and great.
The lover courts to gain a blissful spot,
And nice Sir Courtly wants—he knows not what,
The soldier loves to conquer, when he fights,
And in the plunder of the town delights.
The lustful matron seeks a strong gallant,
The ripe young virgin does a husband want.
But I, poor I, want ev'ry thing by turns,
Except a scolding wife, and cuckold's horns.

Spoken by a Servant Maid in the Church-yard, doing penance for defaming her mistress.

HERE do I stand according to law,
Compell'd to deny what both mine eyes saw,
" His breeches were down, her belly was bare,
" If he did nothing, what did he do there."

Spoken extempore by a Seaman on his Comrade, that was shot in an engagement, and flung over-board.

Intomb'd within a liquid wave,
Lies honest Philip, once so brave:
Such men as him the king has need of,
Pox take the ball that shot his head off!
And sent at once his brawny crupper,
To give some greedy shark a supper.
Fire! my lads, by all that's good,
We'll fight till we revenge his blood!
It never shall be said but we,
To one we lose, will knock down three.

On a Lady who was very handsome and very kind.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!
But nature, graciously inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundles will to please us.

On a great house adorned with statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
The gods without, the devil within.

Two Millers of Manchester wanting all the inhabitants to grind corn at their mill, though they were not able to supply the town, occasioned the following lines. By Mr. Byron.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it,
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

On an old Maid's Marriage.

By Mr. Jonas Rolfe.

CELIA, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest fickliest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
 Marries and doats at forty-five.
Thus weather-cocks who for a while
 Have turn'd about with every blast;
Grown old and destitute of oil,
 Rust to a point, and fix at last.

Under the Picture of a Beau.

THIS vain thing set up for a man,
 But see what fate attends him:
The powd'ring barber first began,
 The surgeon-barber ends him.

On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
 Ask'd the maid what meat there was within?
Cow heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton:
 But, quoth the Welchman, since I am not glutton,

Either of these shall serve, to-night the breast,
The heels i' the morning, then light meat is best;
At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
I' th' morning took his *heels*, and ran away.

On a Gentleman who died a day after his lady.

SHE first departed; he for one day try'd
To live without her; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Pinned to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to do Pe-nance in the Church.

HERE stand I, for whores as great
To cast a scornful eye on;
Shou'd each whore here be doom'd a sheet,
You'd soon want one to lie on.

EPIGRAM.

Nature's chief gifts unequally are carv'd,
She surfeits some, while many more are starv'd.
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
Was common good is now made private store:
Nothing that's good we have among us common;
But all enjoy'd that common ill—a WOMAN.

An EPIGRAM on two spiteful Brothers.

WITH sobbing voice, upon his death-bed
fick,
Thus to his brother spake expiring Dick;
“ Tho' during—all my life—in poverty,—
Thou never—Neddy, shew'dst—concern for me—
I hope thou wilt—take care—when I am dead—
‘ To see me bury'd.’ ” “ That I will,” quoth Ned,

"We'll lay thee deep enough, Dick, never fear,
 Thou shalt no longer be a nuisance here:
 And, as a fit memorial on thy grave,
 I'll write this epitaph, *Here lies a Knave.*"

THIS sting pierc'd deep; and keen surprizing
 Call'd Dick's departing spirits back again; [pain,
 Sarcasm so bitter would not let him die,

"Tis thus he made as bitter a reply:

"And when thou shalt be laid by me, dear brother,
 Some friend, I hope will write, *Here lies another.*"

The D A N C E R S.

AT a dancing one night, Sirs,—I happen'd to
 be,

Such skipping and hopping was there;
 The old women as blyth as young girls of fifteen,

Such fun I ne'er saw I declare;
 Such hopping and prancing sure never was known,

They turn'd about like coach-wheels;
 Like mettlesome horses on pavements who clash

They danc'd to the tune of their heels.

John's Reproof.

AHouse-maid once took great delight
 Ost at the looking glafs, Sir,
 Nor in nor out the room——but she
 ——Must squit——or could not pass, Sir.

This flattering glass was chiefly set
 Upon the chamber window;
 Her face to tempt the men she thought
 A charming innuendo.

One day as she surveying stood,
 Her calico sweet skin, Sir,

Pleas'd to the life—while thus she gaz'd,
The man trip'd flily in, Sir.

A rough hewn chap, of manners void,
Posseſſ'd of ſome low wit, Sir,
Ow'd Kate a grudge—and he thought
Of vanity he'd twit her.

First stood a while—then silence broke,
And ſtraiſt began to teize her;
Then bluntly cry'd—Consider, Kate,
You're nothing but mopſqueezer.

True Happiness.

A Good estate on healthy foil,
Not got by vice, nor yet by toil:
A good warm fire and buckiſh jokes,
A chimney clean that never fmokeſ;
A ſtrength entire, a ſparkling bowl,
A quiet wife, a quiet foul,
A mind as well as body whole.
Prudent ſimplicity, conſtant friends,
A diet which no art commenſds,
A merry night without much drinking,
A happy thought without much thinking;
Each night by quiet ſleep made ſhort,
A will to be but what thou art;
Poſſeſſ'd of theſe, all else defy,
And neither wiſh nor fear to die.



E P I T A P H S.

On little STEPHEN a noted fiddler in the county of Suffolk.

STEPHEN and time
Are now both even;
Stephen beat time,
Now time beats Stephen.

On a very indolent man.

HERE lies John Meyers—reader, stay,
And, if thou can't, pray weep,
Who doz'd an idle life away,
And then fell fast asleep.

In Nottingham church-yard.

HERE lies the body of John Day,
What young John? No. Old John? Aye.

Epitaph on Virgil.

By EUSTHENIUS.

HERE Virgil, whose sweet verses deck the lawn
In verdant beauty, spread the waving corn
O'er cultur'd fields, the Phrygian hero dress'd
In martial splendor, finds a last recefs.

In Nottingham church-yard.

TOM Brown lies bury'd here,
Aged four and twenty year,
H. 6

And near this place his father lies,
Also his mother when she dies.

On CHLOE.

HERE Chloe lies
Whose once bright eyes,
Set all the world on fire;
And not to be
Ungrateful, she
Did all the world admire.

On a man and his wife.

HERE lies honest Strephon with Mary his wife,
Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully dy'd;
They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while
they were able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.

In Topliff church-yard in Yorkshire.

I John Bell of Crakehill lys under this stein,
Four of my sons laid it on my weam.
I was a man of my meat, and master of my wife,
And liv'd in my own house without mickle strife,
If thou ce'st a better man in thy time than I was
in mine,
Take this stein off my weam, and ly'en on top of
thine.

*On John Pettigrew, minister at Givan near Glas-
gow, Scotland.*

HERE lies a rev'rend Givan-priest,
Who forc'd against his will deceas'd;
His foul's to Abraham's bosom fled:
As by his reverend elders said.

Others, who knew his youthful toys,
Say Sarah's rather was his choice:
But be't as 'twill, his scabbard's humbled,
Death tripp'd up his heels, and down he tumbled.

At Brampton-Bryan.

HERE lies the body of *All Fours*,
Who lost his money and pawn'd his cloaths;
If any one should ask his name,
'Tis highest, lowest, Jack and game.

At Dornock in Scotland.

HERE lies the laird of Dornock, interr'd by
side of which;
And he was a great oppressor of both poor and rich!
How he fains, or how he fares,
There's nobody kens, and as few cares.

At Greatney in Scotland.

Near this place lies Bessy Anderson.
THE place where she does lie,
There's none alive can tell;
Until the day of judgment,
That Bessy rise herself.

On Miss Pigg.

Reader, behold where lies interr'd
One of the fairest of the herd,
A fucking Pigg—her fate bemoan!
Her bristles scarce an inch were grown.
Alas! ye swains, her loss deplore,
The pretty fucking thing's no more.

On the grave-stone of a Blacksmith, buried in Chester church-yard.

MY fledge and hammer lie reclin'd;
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done;
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest;
My soul, smoke-like is soaring to be blefs'd.

On an unknown person.

WITHOUT a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
Dust, ashes, nought else lies within this
tomb,
Where-e'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
I was, but am not, ask no more of me;
'Tis all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

On John.

HERE lies John, who in few words
Kill'd himself by eating of curds;
Had he been rul'd by Mary his wife,
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.

On his wife.

HERE lies my poor wife without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail, G—d be thanked.

On Fanny.

HERE Fanny lies interr'd; ah! why,
Ye gods, was Fanny born to die?

A female Fanny was, 'tis true,
 But yet no female arts she knew;
 No visits she receiv'd, or paid,
 Nor ever stroll'd to masquerade;
 Court, opera, park, and play and ball——
 The prudent Fanny scorn'd them all.

ALL those who knew her, must confess,
 She never took a pride in drefs;
 For one brown garment, coarse and plain,
 (A fence against the cold and rain)
 Was all the cloaths poor Fanny wore,
 Who never wish'd, or thought of more.

VOID of all anxious care and strife,
 She past at ease a country life:
 A virgin to her dying day;
 Was ever chearful, ever gay;
 And such an even temper kept,
 She never laugh'd, nor ever wept;
 So little given to offend,
 She got no foe, nor lost no friend;
 Nay, though a female (matter rare!)
 Was prais'd and honour'd by the fair.
 Then, reader, if thou hast a tear,
 I pr'ythee stay, and drop it here:
 But lest thy eyes too fast should flow,
 Methinks 'tis fair to let thee know,
 Though Fanny true, is dead and gone,
 Poor Fanny was a harmless fawn.

*On a gentleman supposed to have fallen a victim at
 the shrine of Venus.*

A Lesson learn from this instructive tomb,
 Who, through his wife, has reach'd his mo-
 ther's womb!

On a grave-stone in a country church-yard in Northampton.

TIME was I stood where thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'l lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

On ——.

HERE lies that doubly-broken soul of whim,
Who spent his fortune—and his fortune him.

On Nell Hogshead, a drunken wife, who died (after a hearty swill) suddenly in her sleep.

HOW hard my fate! for as I took a nap,
After a gallon of a noble tap,
Death came, a bravo, in my husband's quarrel,
Cork'd up my breath, and sav'd his groaning barrel.

On John Garret.

Beneath this stone lies Johnny Garret,
Who kill'd himself—by drinking claret.

The following epitaph is translated verbatim from a tomb-stone in the isle of a church in Burgundy.

HERE lies John Veroles, a farmer and labourer in this parish; he never asked a favour of any man; he never was in a city; he loved his king, but never saw him. He never knew what it was to fear himself, nor make others afraid; he never was acquainted with want, pain, or prison during a life of 94 years: he never saw in his house accident, dispute, or disease.

Its contrast. To the memory of Lord Ligonier.

HERE lies a soldier and an honest man,
Who long prolong'd his life on David's plan;
But fate and death, who all our schemes defeat,
Chill'd the poor corpse, in spite of virgin heat.



A CURIOUS COLLECTION of entire New
CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is an ill-natur'd man like vinegar?
Because he's sour.

why is beauty like a flower?
because it fades.

why is a book like a glafs?
because it is often looked into.

why is a grocer's counter like a fish?
because it has scales upon it.

why is a good scholar like a post master?
because he is a man of letters.

why is the world like a Cheshire cheese?
because it is round.

why is sorrow like an onion?
because it makes us cry.

what is a thief like?
like to be hanged.

why is a good ship like a fine lady?
because she is well rigged.

why is going into the country like learning to dance?
because it gives one a good air.

what is that which God never made, and command-
ed not to be made, and yet was made, and has
a soul to be saved?

A cuckold.

why is an ordinary face of a woman like the quarters of a ship stoutly fitted?

because the upper parts defend the hatches.

why is my lord-mayor like an almanack?

because he serves but one year.

why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?

because there is Cork in it.

why is a first floor like a lie?

because it is a story raised?

why is a pretty lady like an oat-cake?

because she is often toasted.

why are a parcel of rakes like a pack of bad hounds?

because they are sad dogs.

why is claret like an oath?

because it is binding.

why is a book like a tree?

because it is full of leaves.

why is the book called the whole duty of man like a pair of breeches?

because it contains the duty of an husband to his wife.

why is a cobler like a parson?

because he mends the foal.

why is it impossible to ravish some women?

because they are willing.

why are free-masons like an old maid?

because their joke is stale.

why is a woman with child like a gentleman?

because she shews her breeding.

why is a little man like a good book?

because he is often looked over.

why is a fish-hook like a bull?

because it is sometimes baited.

why is a malefactor like the root of a tongue?

because he is down in the mouth.
why is a lock like an hospital?
because it is full of wards.
why is marriage like a curtain?
because it serves for a blind.
why is a tavern like a table?
because it has drawers in it.
why is a looking-glass like a philosopher?
because it reflects.
why is a brewer's horse like a tapster?
because he draws drink.
why is New-market like the admiral of a squadron?
because it is in the fleet.
why is a good picture like a quart of liquor?
because it is a good draught.
why is an unbound book like a lady in bed?
because it is in sheets.
why is a poor man like a sempstress?
because he makes shifts.
why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
because it is out of the head.
why is Richmond like the letter R?
because it is a little beyond Kew.
why are turned coats like sailors?
because usually press'd.
why is an old ship like a vagabond?
because it ought to be put in the stocks.
why is a man on horseback like a fan?
because he is mounted.
why is a goaler like a musician?
because he fingers the keys.
what old saying is that which women will not believe?
short and sweet.

what kind of book may a man wish his wife were like?

an almanack; for then he might get a new one every year.

what was the first game that ever was played at?

Child getting.

what makes most women alike?

The dark.

why is a sash-window like a woman in labour?

because it is full of pains.

why is a beau like a buttock of beef?

because he is powdered.

why is a wainscotted room like a reprieve?

because it saves hanging.

why is a button hole like a cloudy day?

because it is overcast.

why does a miller wear a white hat?

To cover his head.

why is an axe like a dish of coffee?

because it should be ground before it is used.

why is a quarrelsome man like brawn?

because he is often collared.

why is a nobleman like a book?

because he has a title.

why is a good cook like a woman in fashion?

because she dresses well.

why is the moon like a weather-cock?

because it often changes.

why is a good coach-horse like a good painter?

because he draws well.

what is the best trade for men to learn?

To learn to die well.

why is a grave-digger like a waterman?

because he handles the skulls.

why is a taylor like a lawyer?

because he deals in suits.

why is smoke of tobacco like wine?

because it comes out of a pipe.

why is a fine woman like a diamond ring?

because she is surrounded with sparks.

what is that which will be to-morrow and was yesterday?

To-day.

what is that which God never fees, kings seldom fee, but I often see?

An equal.

why are thieves impertinent?

because they meddle with that which does not concern them.

why are the stocks like a paper kite?

because they are raised, lowered, or kept up by wind.

why do we buy new shoes?

because no body will give them us.

where was Adam going when he was in his 39th year?

Into his fortieth year.

who was it that was begot before his father, born before his mother, and had the maidenhead of his grandmother?

Abel.

why is Christ-church, Oxford, like the walls of a fortified town?

because it has canons.

why are sheep in a fold like a good history?

because they were penn'd.

why is the city of Bath like a watch?

because it depends upon the spring.



ADAGES and PROVERBS were in former ages adapted to the affairs of life, and counted as sauce to relish meat, but not to make a meal, or they should have something remarkable in the expression, so as to be easily remembered, and used occasionally: The use of them is as old as the time of King David; and as verse is easier got by heart than prose, and stick faster in the memory, I have chosen to give them in short rhimes, viz.

- 1 **I**f a man knew what wou'd be dear,
He need be a merchant only one year.
- 2 Enough's as good as a feast,
To one that's not a beast.
- 3 If things were to be done twice,
All wou'd be wise.
- 4 He that wou'd thrive,
Must rise by five;
He that hath thriven,
May lie till seven.
- 5 Help, hands;
For I have no lands.
- 6 Who buys,
Had need of an hundred eyes;
But one's enough
For him that sells the stuff.
- 7 Wishers, and woulders,
Are never good housholders.
- 8 You may as soon
Make a cloak for the moon.
- 9 No vice like avarice,
Like avarice.

- 10 The postern door
Makes thief and whore.
- 11 He giveth twice,
That giveth in a trice.
- 12 He that once a good name gets,
May piss abed, and say he sweats.
- 13 The head and feet keep warm,
The rest will take no harm.
- 14 He that loves glaſs without G,
Take away L, and that is he.
- 15 Wedlock
Is a padlock.
- 16 A nice wife, and a back door,
Do often make a rich man poor.
- 17 Beggars breed;
And rich men feed.
- 18 One wit bought,
Is worth two for nought.
- 19 I stout, and thou stout;
Who shall carry the dirt out?
- 20 Great boast,
Small roast.
- 21 He that will cheat at play,
Will cheat you any way.
- 22 He that speaks the thing he shou'd not,
Shall hear the thing he wou'd not.
- 23 What greater crime,
Than loss of time?
- 24 Do not trust or contend,
Nor lay wagers, nor lend,
And you'll have peace to your life's end.
- 25 Pay what you owe;
And what you're worth you'll know.
- 26 Leave a jest,
When it pleases you best.

27 Who will not lay up a penny,
Shall never have many.

28 He that wou'd please all, and himself too,
Undertakes what none cou'd do.

29 He that by the plow wou'd thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

30 There's nothing agrees worse,
Than a prince's heart, and a beggar's purse.

31 An ape's an ape: a varlet's a varlet,
Though they be clad in silk or scarlet.

32 In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,
In time of adverstity not one in twenty.

33 Who more than he is worth doth spend,
He makes a rope his life to end.

34 A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree,
The more they're beaten, the better they be.

35 When I did well I heard it never;
When I did ill I heard it ever.

36 It wou'd make a man scratch where it doth not
itch,
To see a man live poor, to die rich.

37 He that winketh with one eye, and feeth with
t'other,
I wou'd not trust him, though he were my
brother.

38 Tell me with whom thou goest,
And I'll tell thee what thou doest.

39 A shower in July, when the corn begins to fill,
Is worth a plow of oxen, and all belongs there-
till.

6 MA 50

THE END.

